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THE BYSTANDER OCTOBER 6, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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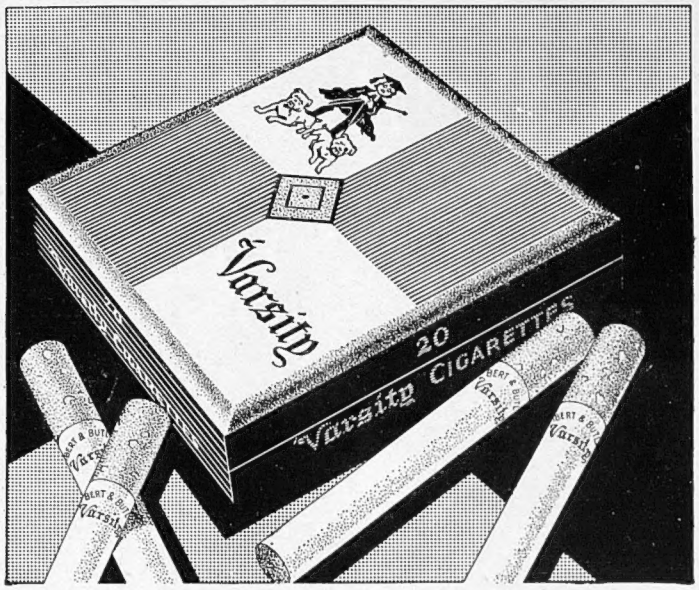

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The Bystander

Baron

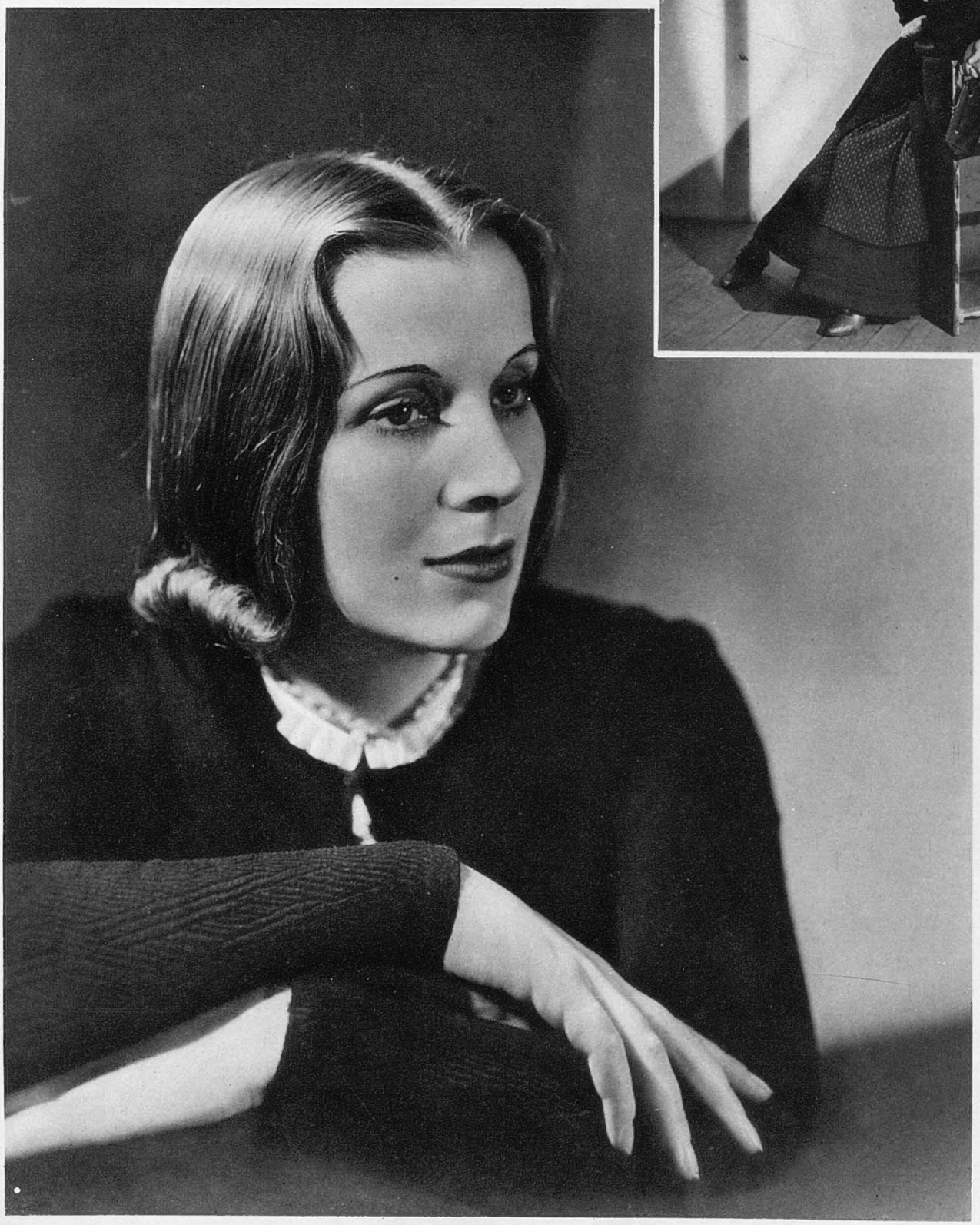
"Stop Me and . . ."

Leslie Henson's sudden appearance as a Wall's ice-cream man is not at all out of place in the heart of Greece; the carefree atmosphere of the Gaiety shows is so well maintained in *Going Greek* that if Henson appeared as a Zulu chief it would still be sufficiently Greek to us. The wonderful combination for comedy has without doubt pulled off another: Maestro Henson in the lead, supported by Louise Brown, Fred Emney and Richard Hearne; Guy Bolton, Fred Thompson and Douglas Furber as the authors again; Firth Shephard as the presenter, and Herbert Bryan and Henson himself as producers

Diana Wynyard

As Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's most light-hearted comedy (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), Diana Wynyard is making her first appearance at the Old Vic, delighting her new audiences with her wit and life, fascinating them with her charm and her beauty. When, sparrow into swan, she comes on the stage in the third act dressed from head to foot in elegant white, there is a little gasp of pleasure from the auditorium—a most genuine tribute to her transformation from the Cockney flower-girl of the first two acts. *Pygmalion* ends its run next Saturday, and Diana Wynyard then begins rehearsing in a new comedy, which Humbert Wolfe has adapted from the Hungarian and which Gilbert Miller is presenting, called *The Silent Knight*

As Eliza Doolittle in "Pygmalion"

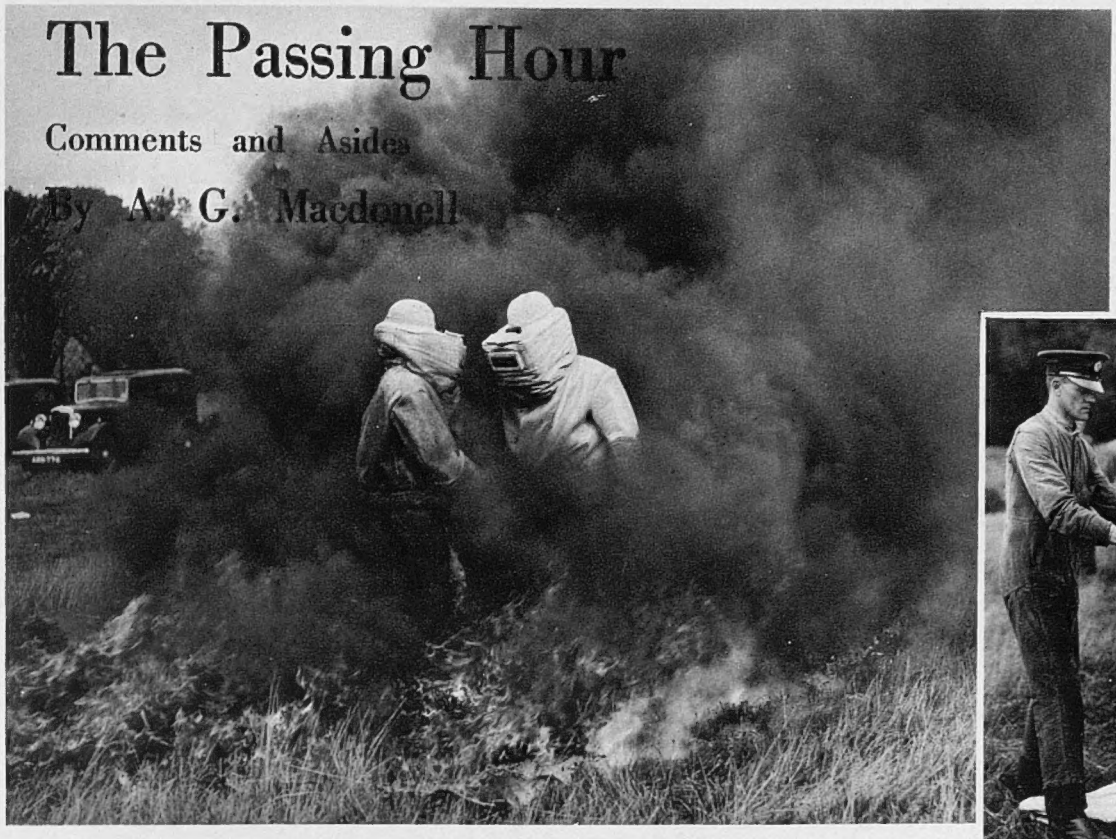


Photographs by Anthony

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell



"Can you smell anything burning?"

Fire-fighting in the R.A.F. has produced yet another Robot fashion—an asbestos suit which makes the fireman look rather like a polar bear. The new suits were being tested pretty effectively at Cranwell

PUBLIC indignation against Japan is growing steadily throughout Europe and the Empire. But whether that indignation will be translated by Governments into any form of action is another matter. The words "economic boycott" are beginning to be heard tentatively in a good many directions, and several economists, like J. M. Keynes and Sir Arthur Salter, have suggested that the mere mention of a trade boycott might alarm Tokio. But to alarm Tokio is one thing and to alarm the Japanese High Command, which is running mad dog in so many directions, is a very different matter. There may still be a few sensible men left in Japan. There are nothing but savage barbarians at Japanese G.H.Q.

WHILE all decent people are horrified by the Japanese atrocities the Japanese business men are feverishly buying raw materials in the very countries which have most to lose by Japanese aggression. For example, only a few days ago the Japanese were buying tin extensively in London and Singapore. British Malaya, terrified of an extension of the war to the south, exported 200,000 tons of iron ore to Japan in August, the highest amount yet reached in a single month. The Dutch, appalled at the possibility of an attack upon the Dutch East Indies, energetically supply the Japs with oil.

THE two dictators had a high old time in Germany, at least in public. But I wonder if some of the German politicians remembered that it is only three years ago that Signor Mussolini was pouring scorn on "the people who could not read or write long after Rome had produced Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and Virgil," and was reminding Italians in a broadcast speech that there are 600,000 lunatics in Germany, and that it is only two years ago that he organised the Stresa Front against Berlin. If they have forgotten all that they must be men of remarkable memories, or even perhaps should be numbered among the 600,000. But even if politicians can turn their coats whenever convenient, I fancy there must be a good many soldiers in the German Army who remember that Italy came in against her ally in 1914, and that an enthusiastic supporter of this "betrayal" was the journalist Mussolini.

FROM all accounts the state of affairs in Russia is getting worse. A year ago it certainly looked as if the Soviet régime had definitely turned the corner and, with the granting of a democratic constitution, was about to re-establish itself on an equal footing with the great Powers. All that has changed, and a reign of terror has once again set in. It differs, however, from most Terrors in that the victims are all high officials in the Communist Party and not the ordinary political opponents of the régime. M. Stalin's policy seems to be based on the theory that it is best to kill the ablest and most influential of his friends.

The nearest parallel that I can think of is the state of Chicago during prohibition. The gangsters shot each other down all over the place and nobody minded in the least except, of course, the gangsters who were at the business end of the automatic pistol. As few tears were shed in this country, I should imagine, at the demise of Yagoda as at that of "Legs" Diamond. "When thieves fall out—" in fact.

WHILE the British and French delegates to the Assembly of the League were declining to lift the Non-intervention ban and allow the Spanish Government to buy arms in the open market, there seemed to be a widely held idea that the two Governments were preparing a strong Note to Italy on the subject of the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain. Presumably there will be nothing of the ultimatum about such a Note, but if it is linked with the suggestion that France might re-open the Pyrenean frontier, it might have the effect of making the Duce more reasonable. The success of Nyon in eliminating piracy in the twinkling of an eye has not passed unnoticed, nor has the moral of it, which might be described in the words, almost, of Don Marquis: "So, cheerio, my dearie! there is a dance in the old Democracies yet."

Knight Without Armour

THE Duce is in another dilemma. If he agrees to the French and British proposals for the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain, and if, after that, General Franco wins, his position will be so embarrassing as to be almost comical. I wonder whether he would prefer General Franco to lose or General Franco to win after Italian help has been withdrawn. It is a nice point, and I commend it with all humility to Mr. Douglas Jerrold and the gallant and chatty Major Yeats Brown.

MR. BRENDON BRACKEN, the enterprising young Tory M.P. for North Paddington, is on firm ground when he objects to the forthcoming Nazi meeting in a hall which is the property of the Paddington ratepayers. The meeting, he says, is to be secret, for Germans only, and the speaker is to be a Nazi official who is the head of an association to create "a German State within the foreign State in which its members are domiciled." As the aim of Nazism is to overthrow democracy,

it is intolerable that activities of this kind should be allowed in this country in halls or buildings which are the property of our democrats. And anyway, what is this "German State" going to do over here? What are its objects if and when it is formed?

I DO not suppose that I have ever found myself in sympathy with any of the opinions of the *Morning Post*, but as a journalist I lament as sincerely as any citizen of Cheltenham the passing of that great and ancient newspaper. The *Post* had a point of view, an individuality, and, what is not very common nowadays, a real soul. It was most brilliantly written, and up to the end maintained a great tradition of the past and journalistic sincerity.

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART, the famous military historian and correspondent of *The Times*, has thrown a most ingenious bomb into official military circles by publishing the ages of the key generals at the outbreak of the war and now. We always used to say that the generals of 1914 were too old. It now appears that they were a good deal younger than their present successors. A seventy-year-old general, signing himself "Archimedes," after the father of military invention, immediately leapt into the arena with a long letter saying that the age of a general does not matter, because in modern static warfare a general does not require physical agility, and can live in a dugout thinking, thinking, thinking. Captain Liddell Hart has knocked "Archimedes" on the head by asking the simple question—if modern war is to be static, why train the Army for a moving war?

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have just published the letters of that strange, unhappy genius, Van Gogh. What an amazing story they contain! He was unhappier, lonelier, poorer, and in worse health than any of the legendary figures of the Latin Quarter. He never had enough to eat, and his passion for painting drove him to the wildest excess of overwork, yet he maintained his energy and power right to the tragic end.

MR. TIMOTHY SHY, in the *News Chronicle*, said the other day that even more expert than Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. Ouspensky and Mr. Dunne at knowing who has been here before and knowing who is likely to return, is any Old Bailey judge. Sir Holman Gregory, on the bench at the Old Bailey for the last time, made it quite certain that the blackmailers who were in the dock would not return for a very long time. The sentence of ten years ought to shake the blackmailing fraternity to the core.

THE *Daily Herald* has said that Mr. Will Hay, the eminent film-actor, ought to extend the courtesy of Narkover to a certain foreign gentleman who has imitated the methods of the great Dr. Smart-Allick and has defrauded a number of his pupils. But where does the unfortunate author come in? Why should the freedom of Narkover be in the gift of Mr. Hay? It was "Beachcomber" invented the whole immortal saga of the only really intelligent public school there has ever been.

THERE is something faintly comic, although doubtless the gentleman in question does not see the joke, in the kidnapping by exponents of the Chicago snatch-racket of a man who made a fortune in selling valentines. It would appear that a solid chunk of cash collected by the spreading of good-will may be handed over to those to whom good-will means comparatively little.

THE whole world is delighted at the return of the Endeavour after its remarkable feat of travelling 3000 miles across the Atlantic. While I was reading the epic story of Captain Heard and his men in my club, I happened to glance at the monthly journal of a nautical society which was lying on the table. On the cover was a picture of Drake's Golden Hind, and it occurred to me that Drake had an even smaller ship than Captain Heard, and had no chart, no fleet of searching aeroplanes, and sailed seas which were either empty or full of hostile Spaniards. And he went round the world.

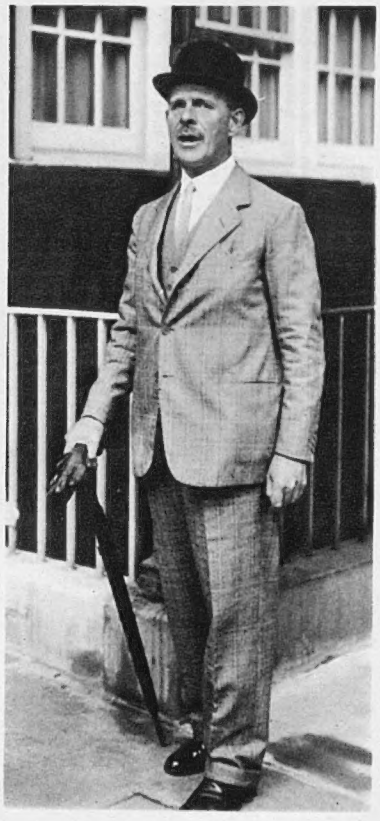
A CLASSIC encounter at Wimbledon years ago was re-enacted the other day in the Lawn Tennis Professional Championships, when Tilden and Cochet faced each other once more. In that great final, Tilden was leading by two sets to love and five games to one, and yet lost in the end. Now that Tilden is well over forty, he made hay of his much younger rival, and demonstrated what everyone has known, that he is the greatest of all lawn tennis players.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. G—M before the Frontispiece

Gangway for the First Lord

Mr. Duff Cooper made a thoroughly democratic arrival at the Italian Embassy for the luncheon-party given by Count and Countess Grandi, at which the Duke and Duchess of Kent headed the list of guests. The picture of the Cabinet Minister, the policeman, and the little crowd of onlookers is worth a whole volume of description of London



New Appointments

Brigadier A. G. C. Dawnay has been made Director of Public Relations at the War Office, a newly-created post for which he leaves the Imperial Defence College. He was Controller of Programmes at the B.B.C., 1933-5

Major-General Viscount Gort, V.C., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., M.C., has been appointed Military Secretary to the War Minister in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Charles Deedes

The Martyrdom of China

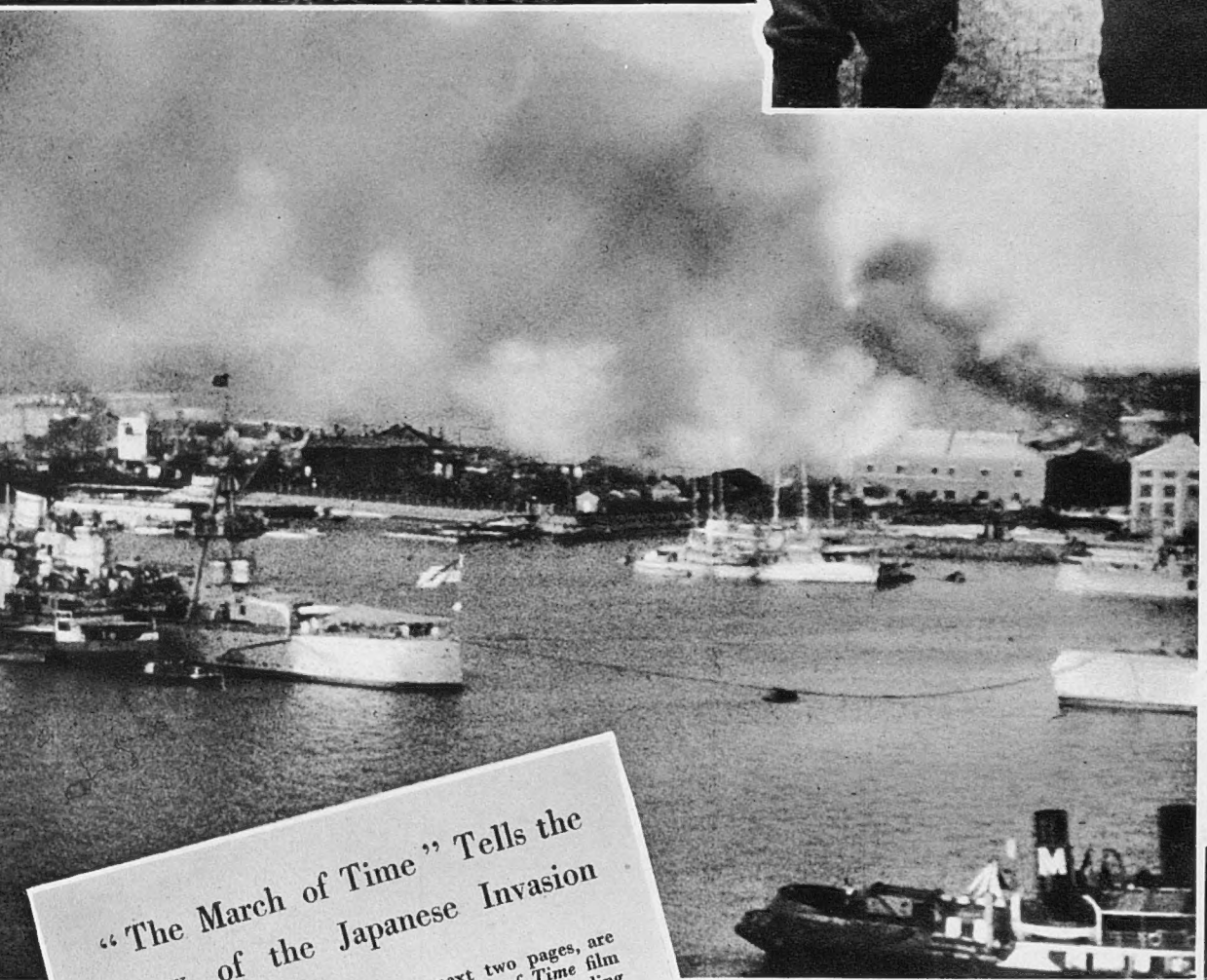
The Invaders

Grim-faced Japanese march through the streets, lined with bewildered Chinese, of a village near Shanghai

Top left: a room in the hospital of Ward-road Gaol, Shanghai, after a Japanese attack

Left: a view of Shanghai Harbour during a Japanese bombing

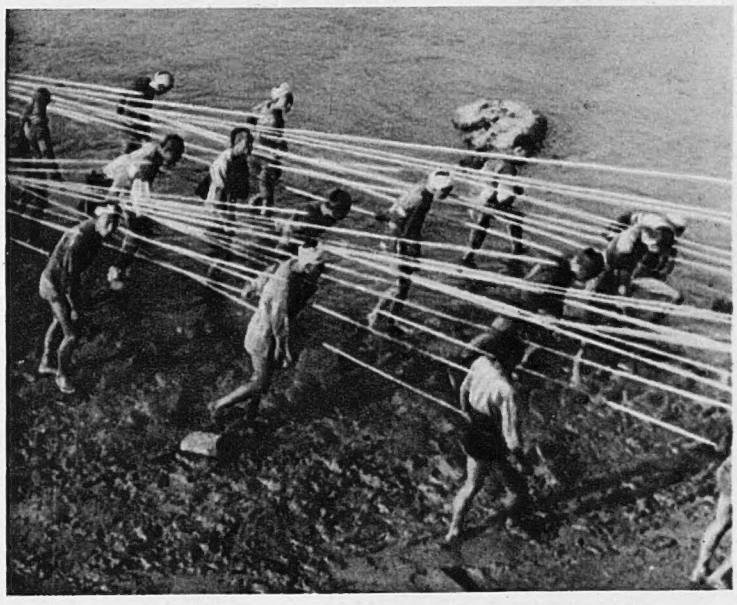
Below: a dead Chinese woman, victim of one of the Japanese attacks on Shanghai



"The March of Time" Tells the Story of the Japanese Invasion

These pictures, and those on the next two pages, are taken from *War in China*, a new *March of Time* film released this week. The film shows a China struggling for unification and regeneration under General Chang Kai-shek, whose efforts at improving the terribly low standard of living in his country, for education, housing, and social progress generally had begun after ten years to show admirable results. But all the time the threat of Japanese penetration and invasion was present, and when the League failed to save Manchuria for China in 1931 China realised she must face the menace alone. Now she fights for her life, a united nation at last, but at how horrible and dangerous a cost

The Martyrdom of China: *continued*



The Old China: coolies hauling a junk up the Yangtze River—a heart-bursting, back-breaking form of drudgery by which thousands of Chinese save themselves from complete starvation

In 1927 General Chiang Kai-shek rose to power and, helped by his American-educated wife, strove to weld China into a united nation and improve the conditions of living of her poverty-ground masses. Under the new régime came—

—Industrialisation: a new bridge, near Shanghai, over the 3100-mile Yangtze River

—Housing: these are modern suburban houses built for coolies earning less than £1 a week

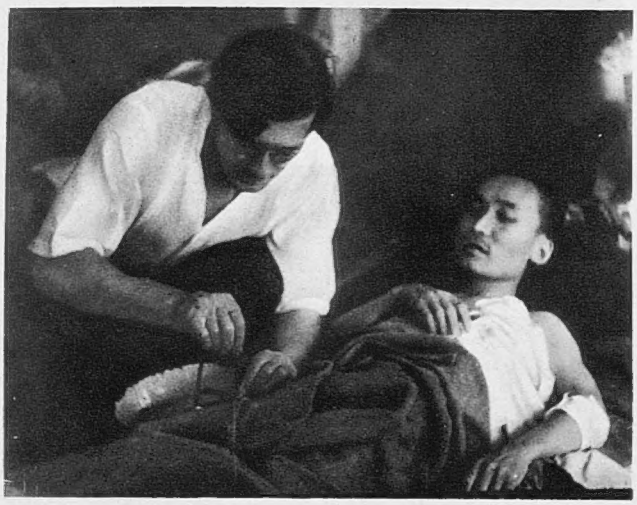
—Government Buildings: the Municipal Library in Shanghai

—"New Life" Movement: a Municipal Swimming-Pool

No wonder Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British Ambassador, congratulated the Mayor of Greater Shanghai on civic development

The Storm Breaks: Shanghai is invaded, and in the north the Japanese troops march over the Great Wall—

While the bombers bring destruction to innumerable towns—



—Doctors do their best for the wounded

The British Tommy, imperturbable, cheerful grumbler, does his bit in Shanghai

Young China, in the many modern schools built under the Chiang Kai-shek régime, waits—for what?

As Mary Tudor

As Elizabeth of England

As Victoria the Great

Queens Again

Yvette Pienne Plays Three of Them in a Sacha Guitry Film

In the last decade plays and films about Mary Tudor, Elizabeth of England and now, of course, Victoria the Great, have been almost legion. Yvette Pienne goes two better in Sacha Guitry's newest film, *Les Perles de la Couronne* (Curzon, next week): she takes the parts of Mary, Elizabeth and Victoria. The transformations that she undergoes in these leaps of centuries are even more remarkable than those of Miss Stanley or Miss Neagle. Yvette Pienne is English, despite her name, and Guitry spotted her for the part of Elizabeth in *1066 and All That*. Later, noticing her flair for make-up, he added the two other queens. Her Elizabethan costume above was designed by G. K. Benda (who dressed *Old Music*) and executed by Bernhardt's period costumier, Muelle

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 40. Michel Fokine

MICHEL FOKINE, the father of modern choregraphy, is a sturdy, small Russian with a baldish head and little curls on the back of his neck. He has a harsh voice which is completely belied by his sense of humour, and very small hands indeed. He also possesses such a horror of tobacco smoke that he prefers to carry on a conversation at five yards' range if you proceed to light a cigarette. He has, however, what he calls a big patience with his artists, and is prepared to make them repeat a dance routine ad infinitum. His is a face that is completely transformed by a smile. The haunted eyes light up; the nose acquires a humorous twist; and the hands become as gay as a faun's. When he is composing a new ballet he never enjoys more than four hours' sleep. His latest, *Le Coq d'Or*, has allowed him even less for the past month; and when he was in Switzerland the other day, casual pedestrians must have been slightly surprised to see a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac drawn up by the roadside while its owner walked up and down behind a crowing cock for nearly two hours. But that is how Fokine works—and completely unconscious of his surroundings. You may see him eating sole at Prunier's, when he will suddenly stare at a fellow-diner, pull out a piece of notepaper, and scribble wildly.

FOKINE gets all his inspirations from life. He will never allow a false movement to creep into his ballets. But he composes best out of doors. Off he will go with a gramophone and a number of records and sheets of paper. That 's how he composed every dance for that Bach suite. Perhaps, though, I 'd better remind you that he created, among about seventy others, *Les Sylphides*, *Petrouchka*, *Scheherazade*, *Spectre de la Rose*, *L'Oiseau de Feu*, *Carnaval*, and, more lately, *L'Epreuve d'Amour* and *Don Juan*. In his own medium, then, he is as much a composer as any of the great musicians of the past, and takes it just as seriously.

BORN fifty-seven years ago in St. Petersburg, he joined the Imperial Russian Ballet school at the age of nine, despite parental opposition. Nine years later he graduated and made his debut at the Imperial Russian Theatre in *Pacita*. He worked with the great masters of the day, and danced with the great dancers, until he became himself a choregrapher and ballet master. Diaghileff first brought his ballets to Western Europe, and Fokine worked with him for five years, later returning to Russia until 1918. Then he went to Scandinavia and on to the United States with his wife, Vera Fokine, and a complete company. A year later he became an American citizen (" That 's why I speak so wonderful in English "), and took a house in Riverside Drive. To-day he lives in Yonkers, though he makes periodic descents on London, Paris, Milan, and Berlin, and every year paints a new portrait of his wife.

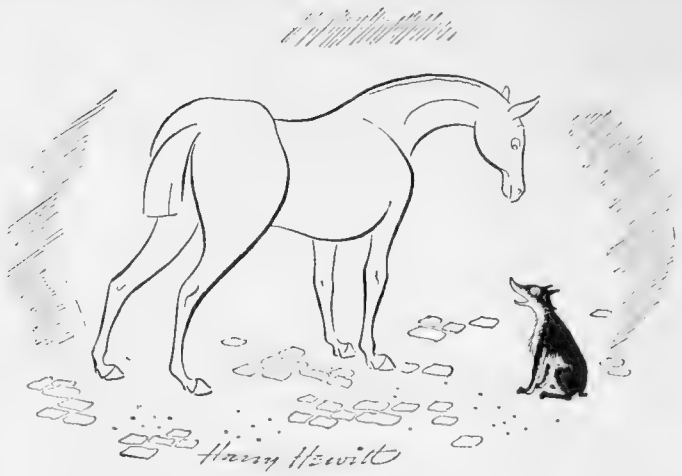
Such is his fame that two years ago he had an audience of seventy thousand for an open-air performance in America, and another ten thousand were turned away. Better still, at the Metropolitan Opera House his company drew sixteen thousand dollars for a single performance, netting him personally four thousand. It is only this year that he severed an eighteen months' connection with Blum's Company and joined Colonel de Basil. Already he has smartened up the Corps de Ballet out of all recognition at Covent Garden. If you don't believe it, go and see for yourself.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"There'll be the devil to pay when I get home without my brush"

KEEPING a wary eye on the National Fitness Campaign, we perceive its strategy to be converging on an apathetic populace from two main directions. On one hand we get periodical Press photographs of platoons of well-developed lovelies of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, bounding about and doing their stuff under Miss Prunella Stack, which is eyeworthy, if rather terrifying. On the other hand, we get periodical propaganda speeches by experts who keep saying that fitness means happiness, a statement so ridiculous that nobody has yet taken the trouble to get up and challenge it, which is why we do so here and now.

The fitness boys, by saying "happiness" when they mean "physical well-being," show a disregard for simple realities which seems to us to border on the nutty. Jack Cardigan, in *The Forsyte Saga*—you remember that healthy, sunburned moron who spends his entire life keepin' fit?—seems to be their ideal Englishman. You may retort that the Cardigans of this world, being mentally aged fourteen from adolescence till the day they die, are happy; and so they are, till Life socks them suddenly on their cleancut jaw, as is Life's dirty habit. They then find they get no answer to their problems by whacking balls about, and make no pretty spectacle in their despair. Whereas if they'd had a little clear mental training as well—well, that's the whole point, as we see it. The National Physical Fitness Campaign is all right, but it ought to come *after* a National Mental Fitness Campaign, and it certainly oughtn't to preach that happiness stuff without careful reserve. Of the only three really happy people we know personally, one is in constant pain, and the other two have never been fit in their lives, except in their minds. That's why their eyes make one envious, whereas the eyes of the average hearty in perfect health reveal nothing but a blank, and sometimes a fleeting, childlike terror which is disturbing. Hurling several volumes by well-developed Swedes at the turnip-faces below, the preacher then whistled three times to his dog Müller and quitted the pulpit.

Not So Hot

THE Soviet explorers in camp on a drifting ice-floe at the North Pole seem so far to be having intensely uninteresting adventures, judging by the periodical news-bulletins. Their first communiqué was the best, revealing that they've all got raspberry-tinted silk pyjamas lined with swansdown, or vice-versa, and plenty of caviare in the tin. The latest bulletin was something about a kitchen with ice-walls and tents with eiderdown covers snuggling down in which the boys were not dismayed by the advent shortly of the Polar Night, and are in excellent spirits. To fans of Amundsen, Scott, or Cherry Garrard this will sound the thinnest kind of pishposh and very disappointing, and even in Bloomsbury, which adores the hairy Muscovite, and thinks everything he does is marvellous, won't suck much sensation out of it, we imagine. It's tough on poor old Uncle Reuter having to report such skimble-skamble stuff, but he has to sling along something, no doubt.

The saga may become a bit more *mouvementé* when that drifting floe gets among the killer-whales, who will (*a*) bob up with cunning eyes in the channels looking for the party, and (*b*) dive under their floe and try to crash them by bumping suddenly upwards. Cherry Garrard goes into the killer-whale question thoroughly enough, and pretty terrifying these monsters must be. No doubt the boys are prepared for them, however. They can always take down a volume of *Das Kapital* from the shelf over the sleeping-bunk and read the killers a vivid phrase or two.

"I was here first!"

Au Revoir

THE Least Pleased American Visitor to our shores for some moons has now gone back—Judge Hugo Black, of the American Supreme Court. Hardly had Judge Black stepped on the gangway at Southampton before the reporters were on him like a pack of tigers, asking if it was true that he was a member, as alleged, of the Ku Klux Klan. The Judge made no statement conveying anything in particular, and was accordingly marked down as Fleet Street's prey thenceforth by telephone and personal call. Only once, so far as we know, did he turn at bay and snarl defiance at the pack ("I hear nothing! I see nothing! I know nothing!"), and so far as we know, he never directly answered the important question. A chap we know slipped him quietly out of his hotel one day, foiling the pack, and took him round the Temple, in which the Judge was naturally interested in a quiet way, especially when informed that the signatories of the Declaration of Independence, many of whom were members of the Inner Temple, were all British subjects. He had very little real pleasure in our midst otherwise, was the last man to slip aboard the liner at Southampton for Baltimore, and had his name kept off the passenger-lists.

We didn't see much point in Fleet Street's pestering Judge Black after he 'd twice sidestepped a plain question. He didn't deny being a Klansman, which should have been enough, especially as he comes from Alabama. It was rather like asking an Ulsterman if he belongs to an Orange lodge, or a member of the M.C.C. if he ever gets round to see any good cricket, or Alan Thomas if he ever curls up with a book. In a word, a terrible waste of time.

Pastoral

SOME chaps are getting agitated once more about preserving windmills, several melancholy wrecks of which still remain on the South Downs and elsewhere. It 's some years since Mr. Belloc wrote his beautiful threnody on the death of Halnaker Mill (" *Sally is gone that was so kindly . . .*"), and many more windmills have died of neglect since then, or been swamped by the rising tide of sweet little bungalows. A few have been restored, on the other hand, and Dodie Smith uses one as a background for a seduction-by-appointment in her new play, so evidently some people do care, but not many. The windmill in action is a beautiful, lofty, winged thing, as beautiful almost as a ship in full sail, as Constable knew, hence it seems inevitable that it must disappear. But until the day they knock a windmill down, there seems little or no objection to refitting it with working sweeps, which at least afford the countryside a landmark and are pleasant and soul-stirring to look at. Those two dead mills standing still on the Downs at Clayton, near Brighton, could once be seen on a fine day from the hills of Kent. It must have been a great sight when England was full of windmills merrily turning their wings in the wind. The Dutch and the Belgians still cling to numbers of theirs, and it is clear that windmills are as essential to a certain type of rural landscape as birds, and as living a delight.

E. V. Lucas says Brighton had a mill till comparatively recently, right in the town on West Hill, a landmark for miles. An odious stucco tower occupies its place now, and a fat lot the stockbrokers care.

Outlook Unsettled

ONE of the most interesting bits of a recent report by the Howard League for Penal Reform was the section on Ulster, where, as many people know, the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended for the past fifteen years, people are held in prison without trial, prisoners are presumed guilty till they establish innocence, and, in fact, the merry inhabitants have cocked a long snook at liberties which are the ancient alleged birthright of every Briton in a jam, and established a dictatorship which the Howard League compares with at least one Continental one.

Reference to this peculiar situation was carefully omitted in résumés of the Howard League report by those newspapers (*including* the *Times*) whose especial pets and chouchous the Ulster boys are, so it can't be very good form to mention it. But it seems to us too interesting a topic to let drop, and we 'd like to hear the Ulster side of it—preferably from our friend St. John Ervine, whose combative and engaging pen is obviously indicated, apart from the fact that we greatly admire his style. There must be good reasons why the Ulster chaps, many of whom are quite charming in a craggy way, do such things to people of whom they don't approve. Living in a free country like ours, people are apt to forget that there are two sides to every question. We never thought E. C. Bentley did the Emperor Pertinax justice when he dismissed him in four lines as the possessor of a certain axe, with which he used to strike people he did not like. A few well-chosen explanatory words from St. John Ervine would probably stop a lot of imminent fuss. Who knows ?

New Deal

APROPOS of Bloomsbury, a reader wants to know why no report on that fascinating quarter has been published in this page for a long time. The reason is simply that we haven't been feeling strong enough to examine conditions in Bloomsbury for some time. However, we had a look at it the other evening, mainly to discover if the men working on the new University of London extensions had dug up anything half as curious and repellent as some of the inhabitants. They said not, up to now.

The same epicene, misshapen figures prowl the Bloomsbury squares, and nothing much has changed, except that everybody is intensely excited at the moment over a report that by crossing a Left Book Club nudist with a vegetarian-pacifico-economist you get a new Bloomsbury type combining all five qualities, besides being covered entirely with fair hair, prehensile, and possessing a dial or pan like something that has run out of an Aztec tomb. The chittering of the inhabitants discussing this New Deal at parties is heard as far as the Zoo, lashing the simian population into a frenzy and evoking a yet shriller note of fraternal sympathy and encouragement from the Mandrill, with his brightly-tinted behind.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" And tell the chef I only eat Buff-Orpington "

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Pygmalion" (Old Vic)

THE first night of the new season at the Old Vic was a first night with a difference. For the first time, there seemed to be no old favourites in the stalls—as Ernest Milton, Peggy Ashcroft, Leslie French—to rouse the gallery to reminiscent ecstasies. For the first time, the company on the stage consisted of faces every one of which was new to the Waterloo Road—including Diana Wynyard, Robert Morley, Jean Cadell. For the first time, Lilian Baylis, when she made her speech, though robed in the old gown and grappling with the old telegrams, spoke not a word on the financial situation.

And though it was not quite for the first time that Shaw stole a march on Shakespeare, this, too, took just a hint of the old warmth out of the proceedings.

NEVERTHELESS, the audience was enthusiastic and had good reason to be. *Pygmalion* may resemble a conventional West End comedy more than any other play Shaw ever wrote, but it is so much livelier and so much more sharp-witted than most conventional West End comedies that it deserves its turn at our National Theatre—by which I don't mean the one we may get, but the one we have. Not alone by the naughty word the Censor passed in 1914 does *Pygmalion* survive. After all, every other nice girl uses that word in 1937. But the story of the professor of phonetics who fell in love with the fair convert to his vowel-sounds is vitalised all through by amusing character studies and shrewd thrusts.

For once there is no propaganda—unless it be from the lips of the dustman who descants on middle-class morality, and whom Jay Laurier does not save from seeming just out of the picture every time he enters.

THE Old Vic does not only present the best plays; it presents the best acting, too. It has, in fact, become a sanctuary for stars who desire to shoot as well as shine. The latest of these, Miss Wynyard, is possibly the most fashionable actress on our stage to-day. By appearing exquisitely attired in nondescript little comedies guaranteed to last one season and no more, this delicious actress could count on drawing full houses for years with a little smile, a little pout, a little tear.

But Miss Wynyard prefers adventure to safety. Having enjoyed the taste of Candida in the Cromwell Road, she now courageously tackles Eliza Doolittle in Covent Garden. At the outset, her performance is a little anxious, a little indistinct. But as the play proceeds, she gains breadth without losing sharpness. Her comedy in the drawing-room scene is a lesson in technique—if you are not too busy laughing to learn. She emerges, in short, with flying colours from an ordeal that will fit her for yet better things.

MEANWHILE, Robert Morley, who is going to be a very big name in the theatre before long, ambles theorisingly over the stage as Professor Higgins, with a large, lumbering preoccupation that makes him a continual pleasure. The piece is, indeed, so well performed that I would advise Mr. Shaw, who was not present on the first night, to pay it an immediate visit. He will laugh not only at his own lines, but at what, under Tyrone Guthrie's skilful direction, the actors do with them.

I may add that what is good enough for Mr. Shaw is, in all probability, good enough for you.

Eliza — as was and as is: Diana Wynyard

Sketches by Rouson

Professor Higgins (Robert Morley) and Colonel Pickering (Mark Dignam)

Dustman and philosopher: Jay Laurier as Doolittle

Pamela Booth

Sir Arnold Bax—Composer

Sir Arnold Bax made his first public appearance as a composer in 1903, as a boy of twenty; the most recent appearance of his name in a concert programme was last Saturday, when his "London Pageantry" was given its first concert performance at the Queen's Hall, crowded to the doors for the last "Prom". Between those two dates he created the wealth of music that has made him one of the most eminent English composers of the day—six symphonies, sonatas for violin and piano, viola and piano, 'cello and piano, viola and harp, viola and 'cello concertos, chamber music, much piano music, choral works and songs. Of his symphonies, the Fourth was last played at a "Prom" in August, and the Fifth figures in a B.B.C. symphony concert in December, with Malcolm Sargent conducting. Arnold Bax received his knighthood in the Coronation Honours last May; he is also an honorary Doctor of Music of Oxford and Durham. Clifford Bax, poet and playwright, is his brother. Apart from music, Arnold Bax's great interest is in Celtic life and history, an interest which has profoundly influenced his work as a composer

Robert Helpmann adds another memorable character-study to his gallery as the Red King, a frightened, powerless old man who, even when he is hounded to death, keeps a pathetic dignity about him

The other symbolic figure of the Prologue is played by Frederick Ashton

The curtain goes up on a brief Prologue: a game of chess being played by two symbolic figures, Love and Death. Alan Carter takes the part of Love

Below: Harold Turner as the Red Knight

"Checkmate"

Ninette de Valois' New Ballet at Sadler's Wells

As an example of the finest collaboration, *Checkmate* must take high rank among ballets. Arthur Bliss's music, Ninette de Valois' choregraphy, and McKnight Kauffer's dresses and setting make up a superb whole, telling the story of this game of chess with an extraordinary dramatic tension, and conveying an impression of the rich colour and tragic pageantry of a mediæval tourney. *Checkmate* was first performed during the national ballet company's week in Paris in June; its first London performance was last night at Sadler's Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Above: Pamela May as the Red Queen, who makes valiant but unavailing efforts to protect her King, has one of the four leading parts of the ballet

Left: June Brae is the Black Queen in "Checkmate," and gives the finest performance of her career. Her tremendously long part—she is on the stage almost throughout the ballet—has several moments of great drama, particularly the episode in this photograph, where she has treacherously killed the infatuated Red Knight (Harold Turner)

This trumpeter belongs to Blackhall Colliery's band, one of the twenty-two crack bands seeded for the championship

Some of the Champions (Foden's)

"Boys of the Old Brig

Mr. J. Henry Iles, J.P., founder and direct chosen bands in the evening finale. The sele Mills, Foden's, Harton Colliery, Luton, and included "O Father Whose Almighty Power, God," Brahms' Academic Festival overture,

Left: the Hanwell trumpeter is dealing with a forte passage out of the test piece

' : the Grand Finale

f the festival, is conducting the massed performers were Baxendale's, Black Dyke Scottish C.W.S., and their programme Ruy Blas," "Now Thank We All Our Mr. Iles' own chorale, "Belle Vue"

Right : Henry Mortimer, son of Foden's conductor, Mr. F. Mortimer, played the posthorn for the champions

The Judges

They are shut in this sight-proof but sound-transparent box for six hours and do not know which order the bands play in

Brass Bands

Five Thousand Players at the Alexandra Palace Festival

Photographs by Hutten

The enthusiasm and the acoustical power of the five thousand sounders of brass and beaters of drum at the Alexandra Palace have probably not been equalled since Jericho's walls fell. All records for the National Band Festival were broken. The Alexandra Palace—less palatial than the festival's old home in the Crystal Palace—was packed with the players and their followers and the virtuosity and keenness of the bands were reminiscent of the best democratic spirit of the Meistersinger. It was the 32nd festival, the championship test piece was Herbert Howell's magnificent suite, "Pageantry," and the winners (for the seventh time) were the band of Foden's Motor Works

The critical audience, as well as the judges, has to hear the same piece twenty-two times ; above is in the early rounds, below is later, when the soothing brass has had its effect on at least one listener

"Bonnet Over the

Young Actress and Actor-Manager—Anne Firth and Cecil Parker

Peter Coke and Betty Jardine

Anthony: "Good Lord, have I damaged you?"
Carola: "Ow, I don't think so. That was marvellous"

Sir Rupert: "Don't go and fall in love with me, will you?"

Janet: "Wouldn't it be good for my art?"

Sir Rupert: "It would be very bad for mine"

Supper on the Roof-Tops

Right: James Mason, Gillian Maude, Betty Jardine, Anne Firth on the steps, Ivy St. Helier, Peter Coke and Cecil Parker. The roof is communal, the tenants Bohemian. The party is a bait for the actor-manager, who meets an old flame of his touring days (Ivy St. Helier), and the young stage aspirant (Anne Firth), who becomes his leading lady. The girl hovers between the nice young journalist (Peter Coke) and the disillusioned playwright (James Mason). The play is strong in comedy and richly flavoured in sentiment

Photographs by John Everard

Windmill " : Dodie Smith's Sentimental Comedy at the New Theatre

"Look There Under the Sails, the Wind Bending the Corn"

Dodie Smith's windmill is the setting for disillusionment—the disillusionment of her young heroine who thinks that to spend a night with the man she has chosen is going to change the world for both of them and, especially, make him write plays that are successes instead of failures. But the playwright (James Mason) goes to Hollywood just the same, and the girl is left with no answer but her own disillusionment. Anne Firth's acting in this part has been praised on all sides, and the rest of the cast, and above all, Ivy St. Helier and Cecil Parker, are excellent in the comedy side of the play

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Edith Sitwell Has Just Published a Novel

I Live Under a Black Sun is the name of Edith Sitwell's novel, published last week by Gollancz. Founded, as she explains, on the story of Swift, Stella and Vanessa, it is written in the language of a poet, and lit with that fantasy of imagination that belongs to the Sitwells. Miss Sitwell has written of Pope, of Queen Victoria, of Bath, and of poetry. Not the least of her gifts is a controversial one; she has waged more than one fascinating battle of letters in the correspondence columns of newspapers and magazines. This is explained by an often-quoted excerpt from her "Who's Who" autobiography (her brothers Osbert and Sacheverell have also contributed handsomely to the gaiety of that incomparable publication); she says "in early youth, took an intense dislike to simplicity, morris-dancing, a sense of humour and every kind of sport except reviewer-baiting, and has continued these distastes ever since"

The Sultan and Sultana of Johore

Mr. and Mrs. John Purbrick

The Earl and Countess of Jersey

Night Life

Grosvenor House: *the Sultan and Sultana of Johore went to see the new "Circus" cabaret at Grosvenor House on its first night, and so did the John Purbricks. They were married in July—Mrs. Purbrick was Daphne Kingsmill*

The Dorchester *has also re-opened recently with a good new girls-comedy-and-music cabaret. Sir Malcolm Campbell was one of the celebrities there, and young-marrieds included Lord and Lady Jersey—she was Virginia Cherrill up to a few weeks ago*

Café de Paris: *Lady Patricia Mackay and her fiancé, Hugh Washington Hibbert, sat on the balcony for supper*

Le Trianon: *the Oldfields went to that nice, still-newish restaurant in Jermyn Street, offspring of Jules Hotel. They were married this year; she is Lord and Lady Dunmore's daughter*

Lady Patricia Mackay and Mr. Hibbert

Sir Malcolm Campbell, Miss Angela Parker, General Kentish

Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Peter Oldfield

Films of the Day

"Knight Without Armour": By George Campbell

I HEARD someone complain at the end of *Knight Without Armour* that it was very well done, but "all very Russian, old boy." My own reactions were rather different. I am Bolshie enough to think that a little Russian atmosphere does no harm in a story about Russia; in fact, in places, *Knight Without Armour* seemed to me hardly Russian enough. Pictorially, it was above reproach, but I could have done without the Oxford accents. When a Commissar cries: "Bring the prisonahs ovah heah!" I expect to hear a bearded moujik come back with: "Who does tha think tha are, lad?"; and all at once I am a long way from Tomsk.

It is a minor point. Taken by and large, *Knight Without Armour* is the most careful, as well as the most elaborate reconstruction of a foreign setting ever attempted by a British producer. The palaces are really palatial; in one scene an endless suite of lovely rooms has been constructed merely that you may see the just-wakened Marlene, unaware that the servants have run off, walk wonderingly through door after door in her nightdress. A very fetching bit of architecture, too.

The reception at the Winter Palace is up to the best Goldwyn standards of gorgeous dressing, and even her interlude in peasant dress, and another as a Cossack soldier, serve only to emphasise that Miss Dietrich is still probably the screen's loveliest woman. (Should you happen to disagree, and consider her just a clothes'-horse, she may be interested to hear about it, but please don't bother me.)

I wondered, too, where the exteriors were shot. As one who gained an intimate knowledge of the country from the trans-Siberian express—it's a slow train, anyway—I found them remarkably convincing. The desolation of Siberian exile is conveyed in one or two imaginative shots, one is spared the knouting of the prisoners (is this a record?), and the street scenes in St. Petersburg, the forest where the lovers elude their Red pursuers, and sex first rears its ugly head, and the atmosphere of the Volga way down south in Kazan, all have an air of authenticity attainable only at the cost of enormous pains and money.

It is odd that the weak point of the production should be a story written by James Hilton, Frances Marion (still one of the highest paid scenario writers in Hollywood), Arthur Wimperis, and Lajos Biro, the Hungarian who wrote such outstanding scripts as *Hotel Imperial*, *The Last Command*, and *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*; but there it is. The early scenes are so expensively irrelevant that one could almost have started the story with the awakening of the Countess in her magnificent, deserted home, to find the revolution upon her, and carried on from there. The facts that the hero is a British secret service agent, and that the heroine married a Guards officer, have no real bearing on the plot, and *Knight Without Armour* would have been a better job if the footage had been saved and devoted to a building-up of character, conflict and suspense. Whether it would have made more money is another matter.

The acting is always adequate, in places brilliant. Though Miss Dietrich proved in *Desire* that high comedy is really her line, I disagree with those who find her expressionless and wooden; but then, after a long course of over-acted British drama, I have rather a weakness for poker faces. I have seen Mr. Donat in better form—or, rather, since there is nothing wrong with his performance, I have seen him in pictures where he has more scope. It is curious that a director who instilled so much spicy wit into *La Kermesse Héroïque*, and so much tragic passion into *Thou Shalt Not* (*Thérèse Raquin*), should have been content to leave the love scenes in *Knight Without Armour* a little bloodless and remote.

By far the best acting part, for an actor with the skill and personality to fill it, is the Red official played by John Clements. I wonder how many people realise just how difficult it was. In the course of a few hundred feet he has to suggest the miracle of love at first sight, pour out his soul in the presence of another man, and lapse for a moment into hysteria without ever losing his essential strength and dignity. Mr. Clements pulls it off triumphantly. If ever a single performance stamped a player as a star in the making, it is this.

TWO new comedies have merit, of a very different kind. *Topper* is Hollywood at its cosmopolitan best. A couple of kindly young ghosts (Cary Grant and Constance Bennett) take pity on a poor little banker (Roland Young) who doesn't seem to be having much fun. By the time the blonde ghost has finished with him he has lost his reputation, estranged his wife and disconcerted a hotel detective who keeps rushing into his room, on information received from lift-boys and waiters, only to find that the incriminating guest has vanished. A witty, ingenious trifle, with some clever trick photography.

"SAID O'REILLY TO MCNAB" is very British, and uncommonly good at that. The ingredients—Scottish miserliness, Irish blarney and so forth—are old enough, but a lively script and William Beaudine's slick direction give the thing freshness and charm. Will Fyffe is the Scot and Will Mahoney (the American music-hall star) the Irishman. Their methods of turning an honest penny with golfballs kicked from the rough, double-headed coins, and crooked business are really funny, and (who knows?) may come in handy some day.

"Knight Without Armour"

Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat have some Scarlet Pimpernel escapades while eluding the Russian Revolution in her first English film. It was made by Jacques Feyder for Korda and has some excellently reconstructed scenes of life in the Red and White armies. It is at the London Pavilion

Binkie Stuart

An English Shirley Temple

Binkie (christened Fiona) Stuart owes her success as a film actress not to her filmic talents, but to the fact that she is a very clever and pretty little girl whose favourite game is acting for the camera. She was born in Edinburgh way back in 1934 and won a beauty competition before her second birthday. Soon after that, Monty Banks chose her for the rôle of Binkie in *Keep Your Seats, Please*, and the name stuck. There followed parts in *Moonlight Sonata*, *Splinters in the Air* and *Our Fighting Navy*; then came her first starring part in *Rose of Tralee*. *Little Miss Somebody*, just completed, was specially written for her, and she is now the highest-paid juvenile actress in Great Britain. Binkie Stuart has already a fan mail that asks for autographs (but she can't write yet), she prefers empty cigarette-boxes and sequins as toys, she never has to visit a hairdresser and hates being kissed

"Bystander" Short Story No. 107

The Kitten

By Neil Bell

Illustration by J. R. Burgess

DAVID opened his eyes. The May sunshine was streaming into his bedroom. He lay for a while watching the little rainbow on the wall made by the sunlight striking his carafe. If he sat up he could see the gardens of many other cottages and, by craning his neck a little, catch sight of the breakwater and part of the small, rocky harbour. There was, however, no need for him to look to know what was going on, for the screaming of innumerable gulls and ever and again the loud voices of men told him that the boats were in.

He yawned, stretched his arms, knuckled his eyes, kicked off the clothes, and rolling himself out of bed walked over to the window and, resting his elbows on the sash, looked out upon the scene below.

Most of the tiny, semi-circular harbour was hidden by the curve of the rocky cliff, but he could see Fred Jago's big motor-boat and Jack Sawle's smaller one moored at the steps cut out of the rock. The men were busy unloading their catches, and the clamour of the whirling, darting, snatching gulls was deafening. He saw Fred Jago wave an arm to someone hidden and then stoop and, with two other men, half-raise from the bottom of his boat a tremendous fish eight or nine feet in length. David knew it was a basking-shark and promised himself a view of it as soon as he had had his breakfast; there was no hurry, as it would be strung up there on the rocks for the rest of the day before it was cut up for bait for the lobster-pots.

The church clock began to strike; he knew it would be seven, but he counted the strokes to make sure. And then his attention wandered from the harbour to one of the cottage gardens, where a middle-aged woman was feeding her hens. David grimaced and put out his tongue towards her. It was Mrs. Gurney, the schoolmistress, and his impudent gesture was more a matter of principle than a sign of dislike. And, anyhow, he needn't bother about her this morning, for it was Saturday. And soon he wouldn't have to bother about her any more at all, for he would be eight in July and then, after the holidays, he would go up into Mr. Gurney's class with the big boys.

THE air was very still, and for a while he watched the smoke from a dozen or so chimneys climb lazily a long way straight up into the air before it began to waver and fade. He saw Alice Craig, his crony, Tom's, sister, come out into one of the gardens and shake a cloth; he meditated shouting to her to ask if Tom were up and would he be going shrimping or along to Towan Beach wracking, but before he could make up his mind the girl had turned about with a whisk and flutter of her skirt and had gone in. David began to whistle softly through the big gap which his laggard second teeth had not yet descended to fill; for a time he whistled monotonously on a single note, and then he remembered his favourite hymn, "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?", and tried to strike the opening notes, but for a long while failed; and when he at last succeeded he whistled it lugubriously over and over a dozen times before he grew tired of it.

He scratched his head slowly and then found his waist itched and scratched that, and presently settled down to a thorough quartering of his body, twisting and contorting himself to reach inaccessible patches.

A faint noise outside the door made him pause, his body stooped forward, his hand groping between his shoulder-blades. He smiled and forgot his itching. It was Tibs, the kitten. She, too, was scratching, but not at her person; she wanted to come in.

Every other week she came about this time, scratching at his door to be let in because she wanted him to dress quickly and come down and get her some milk. It was the week when Father was not on early duty and Mother did not get up till quite half-past seven, because breakfast at half-past eight was quite time enough for him to get off to school and Father did not go on till ten o'clock, in time for the second post at eleven; but, of course, then he had to do the last post at five o'clock, first going all round the village on foot and then with his bicycle up the hill to Gerrans and on to Varens and home by Portholland, which took him till eight o'clock and was nice in the summer, especially free-wheeling down the hills homeward with his empty bag (and not always empty, but with something in it for David or Mother); but not at all nice in the winter, with a gale blowing and rain and pitch dark and the roads all sludge.

But when he was on early duty Father got up at half-past five and got his own breakfast, although Mother wanted to but he wouldn't let her. And Father then gave Tibs her milk and perhaps a bit of his bacon. And then he went off with the Ford van to meet the steamer from Falmouth with the mails and brought the sacks to the post office, and he and Mr. Chenoweth, the postmaster, sorted the letters and then Father went round with the first delivery, unless it happened to be Christmas-time, when Ellen Johnson went round the village with the cards and letters, Harry Spence, the other postman, did the parcels, and Father did the letters and cards for the other villages, and the Ford van came along later with *their* parcels.

FOR some reasons David liked it best when Father was on early duty, for then he finished his rounds by three in the afternoon and would sometimes be waiting for David when he came out of school, and they would borrow a dinghy and go off fishing for pollock, and once or twice had gone duck-shooting, taking Jess, the fat old spaniel from next door. Occasionally Father would hurry and get his round over by one o'clock, and then David would take the afternoon from school and the three of them would go off shopping to Truro on the bus, or, better still, to Falmouth on the steamer.

Mother didn't like the steamer at all, especially if it were rough; and it often was rough after they'd passed St. Mawes and met the big rollers coming in from the Channel. Father would stand with his legs astride, puffing at his pipe, and give David a wink and say: "Look out, Mother! Here they come!" And Mother would say: "Oh, dear! I know I'm going to be sick!"; and so she was, and many of the other people, too, for the little steamer rolled and rocked and stood on its head

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Flight-Lt. Hare and Miss Margot Hambling

Left: Maurice Hare and Margot Hambling were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the youngest son of Maj.-General Sir Steuart and Lady Hare, of 2, Clifton Place, and is in the Air Force; she is the elder daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Hambling, of Rookery Park, Yoxford, Suffolk

Right: Fulke Walwyn, late 9th Lancers, the steeplechasing son of Lt.-Colonel F. J. Walwyn, of Raglan, Monmouthshire, married Diana Carlos Clarke at All Souls', Loudoun Road. She is the daughter of Major Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Chappell

Below, left: Charles Arthur Evelyn Shuckburgh, H.M. Diplomatic Service, Sir John and Lady Shuckburgh's eldest son, and Nancy Brett, Lord and Lady Esher's second daughter, were married at St. Mary's, Ewelme, Oxford

Below, right: the Princess Royal was at Brompton Parish Church for the marriage of the Hon. John Hamilton-Russell, The Royals, third son of Lord and Lady Boyne, to Lady Diana Legge. She is Lord and Lady Dartmouth's third daughter, and was one of the Queen's train-bearers at the Coronation

Mr. Fulke Walwyn and Miss Diana Carlos Clarke

Weddings of the Week

Mr. Shuckburgh and the Hon. Nancy Brett

Below: Mr. Hamilton-Russell and Lady Diana Legge

London Roundabout

AN EXHIBITION

"In Town To-night" Exhibition: Gypsy Petulengro Looks at His Photographic Self

Sir Walter Gilbey was another "In Town To-night" celebrity who went to the opening of the exhibition to show how like he is to his own portrait. The exhibition is at the Ilford Galleries, Holborn, and Eric Maschwitz opened it

Right: John Charles Compton Cavendish, only son of Lord and Lady Chesham, and Mary Marshall, daughter of Mr. David G. Marshall, of White Mill, Cambridge, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Clarence Johnson, of the Bicester Hunt, of which Lord Chesham was M.F.H. for three years, "blew" them out of church

AN APPOINTMENT

A FIRST NIGHT

For Television: Miss Sheila Douglas-Pennant

Sheila Douglas-Pennant, nineteen, daughter of Captain C. E. Douglas-Pennant, has been appointed television commère, and did her first introducing of artists and her own song-and-dance numbers last week

"A TICKET, PLEASE"

Right: George Arliss was collecting his ticket for the first performance of "The Last Straw" at the Comedy

A WEDDING

The Hon. John Cavendish and Miss Mary Marshall

In the Stalls for Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Lady Maureen Noel, the Hon. Grania Guinness, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, and Lady Moyne were in a party for the opening of the ballet season at Sadler's Wells

A STUDIO OPENING

Top, right: Irina Baronova was talking to Igor Schwezoff at the party he gave to open his ballet studio in Chelsea. He is already known here as the author of "Borzoi," and has now come to work in London. Right: two more photographs taken at the party, which was a fine international mixture of English, Russian and Dutch dancers and non-dancers

Mrs. James Campbell and Mrs. Mather Jackson

Princess Bragation, Count de Calry, and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook

A SHOW OF ANTIQUES

Experts on the Old and the Good

Sir Eric Maclagan, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, was talking to Baron Georg Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, at the opening of the Antique Dealers' Fair

The Press Must Live . . .

The art critics of the "Times," the late "Morning Post" and the "Daily Telegraph" held their discussions on the opening day of the Fair at Grosvenor House in the well-appointed Press room

Howard Marshall on Sport

So far, the Rugby football season is moving along peacefully enough, despite the gloomy prognostications of our legislators. Players, I find, are well satisfied with the operation of the revised laws, and the only minor sensation has been a suggestion that the Harlequins are to move their headquarters to Lord's Cricket Ground.

This rumour, to say the least of it, is premature. The Harlequins, like other Metropolitan clubs, are certainly on the look-out for a new pitch, and a proposal has been tentatively made by a member of the Club that the Nursery Ground at Lord's, which now lies fallow in the winter, would serve admirably. That is all there is to it. The proposal has taken no definite form. The Marylebone Club have not been officially approached, and it is certain that if the suggestion were put to them they would see many difficulties.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Harlequins and M.C.C. might eventually consider some experiment in the matter worth while; but for the time being there is no more to it than that. The Harlequins naturally find Twickenham, with its mammoth stands, rather depressing for ordinary club matches, despite the excellent facilities which are available at headquarters.

I was there myself the other day, watching the Harlequins opening their season with their game against Rosslyn Park, and rather an interesting game it was. There were the usual fumblings and scramblings which we expect in September, but the Harlequin forwards did give us an object lesson in the value of swift and intelligent scrummaging and open play. It was significant, to my mind, that they scored their first try from an admirably executed wheel; and I hope this fact will serve as a reminder that the wheel is not merely a defensive movement, but an attacking weapon of the first order.

Perhaps the greatest virtue of this Harlequin pack is the speed of the individual players in the loose. They are all of them exceptionally quick on the ball, which means that they turn to account the least fumble or uncertainty by their opponents, and constantly hold the initiative.

These considerations are perhaps obvious; but they will bear reflection by those who see in forward play nothing but a blind and ox-like slogging, a conception which for some years has been rather prevalent. We have, indeed, thought of forwards in two divisions—five oxen, and three who skip like rams, so to speak—and evidence that we are begininng to consider a pack as a unit again is welcome.

They think along these lines in Coventry also, for the eight Coventry forwards are very much all of a piece.

One good thing that has grown from the recent pother about the laws is that players really are reading them. In some parts of the country—Wales, for example—I hear that players are complaining because they cannot procure copies; and although they could find them readily enough in various publications, such as the *Rugby Football Annual*, I think this is a state of affairs which clubs might take in hand. At the beginning of every season it would surely be possible and advisable for every club of any standing to issue to its players a reprint of the laws. Then, at least, ignorance would have no real excuse.

Oxford Secretary and Captain

John Brett (Durham School and St. Edmund's), with the ball, is the captain of Oxford's 1937-8 Rugger XV.; he is with his secretary, South African Hubert Freakes (Magdalen)

Cambridge Captain

J. D. Low is from Dover and Jesus, and leads the Light Blues for 1937-8; last year he and Kemp, at scrum and fly halves respectively, made a very fine combination

Another sporting body which has been seriously exercised about the game it controls is the Royal and Ancient Club, whose annual business meeting at St. Andrews last week was of vital interest to all golfers.

Very wisely, the R. and A. are moving with the times and making their committees more representative. The new committee which is to be formed—the General Committee of the Club, as it will be known—gives the constitution of the R. and A. a great similarity to the Marylebone Club.

Equally important is the reconstitution of the Rules of Golf Committee. The fact that this committee will be empowered annually to invite three additional members, not necessarily members of the R. and A. Club, will make it far more widely representative, and it will be possible to study the interests of golfers throughout the United Kingdom much more satisfactorily.

It is rather interesting to note that the various modifications designed to make the game more testing for champion players will be discussed by these new committees in May. Such matters as the limitation of the number of clubs, definition of the amateur status, and weight and size of the ball used at championship meetings have still to be considered.

Talking of the amateur status, I wonder if you happened to go along to Wimbledon when Henri Cochet appeared for the first time as a professional in London last week? It was odd to see Cochet playing there, under the artificial lighting, against Dan Maskell. But it was evident that the years have diminished his skill very little. All his beautiful art was there, and speed of eye and hand and thought seemed just as devastating as they were four years ago, when he left the amateur ranks.

Cochet is thirty-six years of age, and it may be that he would no longer be able to last out the rigours of the Wimbledon Championships. The fact remains, however, that he is wonderfully fit and in great form, and it starts once more the question of a man's best age for lawn tennis. Donald Budge, for example, at twenty-one, is the youngest reigning champion we have ever had. If he continues to develop as he has done in the past year, and if we may take it that a lawn-tennis player does not reach his full maturity until the age of approximately thirty, what kind of phenomenon is Budge going to be in nine years' time?

The general theory is that twenty-seven or twenty-eight is the peak year in lawn tennis; but those who saw Cochet the other day must have been a little shaken.

I see that a suggestion has been made, mixing sport and politics rather unhappily, to my mind, that as a protest against the Japanese bombing of civilians, the Olympic Games in Tokyo should be boycotted. This, it is said, would represent the censure of sportsmen throughout the world.

The fact is that the boycotting in all probability will be superfluous, as it is now virtually certain that Japan will be unable to stage the Games. The next question to be decided is where they shall be held, a problem which will be watched with exceedingly close interest.

The Old Lady Makes Up Her Mind

She's Ready for a Little Flutter

Faces at the Races

Some of the Regulars "Across the Course"

It Makes a Chap's Brain Work

Too Good to Shout About

"Thanks Very Much"

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Professionals Finish Their Season

THE Dunlop-Metropolitan golf tournament, which is the last of the important professional golfing events of the year, was played this year, as it was last year, on the West Course of the Wentworth Club. The best golf and the best scoring I have ever seen in any golf tournament was played in this event, but it was by no means always the best golf which produced the best results.

The playing conditions were as easy as they could possibly be, with no sun and no wind and with greens fast enough to allow players to stroke the ball, but not fast enough to make them frightened of running past out of holing, and with surfaces which were quite perfect. It was obvious before play started that the good putters would hole many long putts and also that the bad putters would be unlikely to miss many short ones.

BETTER play is to be expected in this tournament than in any other, because all the competitors have to qualify, and the majority of them are winners of important tournaments during the year.

The following are invited to play: the first six professionals in the Open Championship; the first four in the important professional tournaments of the year, which number only eight; the first two paid players in the Continental Open Championships and in the assistants' tournament; the winners of the Dunlop sectional tournaments; the winner of the West of England Professional Championship; the members of the Ryder Cup team of the year; and the ex-winners of this tournament and of the Open Championship. In some cases, where the winner of a qualifying tournament has already qualified, the runner-up is invited to play.

A few years ago some people with knowledge of the game were willing to bet against first-class amateur golfers going round the West Course at Wentworth in a score less than 80. How the striking of the ball by the first-class players has improved and how the ball has deteriorated were clearly demonstrated by the fact that only one competitor holed the four rounds of this tournament in a total score of more than an average of eighty strokes per round.

ON the first day, on my arrival on the course, I was informed by an ex-Open champion, who plays in all the professional tournaments, that R. A. Whitcombe's 66 was the best round played by any golfer in 1937. Unfortunately, I was not in time to see any of it, but how well he played can be seen from his card, on which 4 was the highest figure; he did all the long holes in 4 and all the one-shot holes in 3, with the exceptions of the thirteenth and fourteenth holes, each of which he did in one stroke better than perfect golf without flukes.

If you visit golf clubs you will find that a large number of the ordinary members play much better after lunch than they do before. It was really extraordinary to see young Laidlaw, who neither requires nor indulges in ginning-up, take no fewer than ten shots less after lunch on both days than he did in the mornings. He returned 79 and 69 on the first day and 76 and 66 on the second. In his 66 on this testing course, which measures 6701 yards, he only required a wooden club through the green on one occasion—namely, at the 490-yards eighteenth hole.

TO the delight of his many friends, Arthur J. Lacey won with the tremendous scores of 72, 68, 70, and 67, eleven strokes under an average of fours, and he showed the spectators that if a player keeps on trying and holes his putts, it is possible to play numerous bad shots and yet return good scores.

In foursome play it is essential that after you have played a bad shot, your partner should play a good one, and vice versa. It is when you both play a bad shot one after the other that you get into trouble. Although Lacey played many bad shots he never played two consecutive bad shots—in fact, he followed up his bad shots with shots better than good, and many of his recoveries were super shots. In his final round I lost count of his bad shots, and yet he holed the course in 67 strokes, having taken the most inadequate number of only 26 putts. I can account for at least nine bad shots in this round. Time and again he hit wonderful shots from under trees or out of thick undergrowth, seldom trodden by golfers, and then quietly holed his putt to get down in the right figure.

Too many golfers—especially in foursomes, when they find their balls lying in thick undergrowth, play half-hearted shots and never hit the ball cleanly, but generally somewhere in its vicinity, and often hit the ball on the top or behind it and then complain that it was in an impossible lie, when in reality, if the club-head had struck the ball cleanly instead of the leaves or twigs in its vicinity, it would have come out without any forcing. Arthur Lacey showed very clearly that however bad the lie may be, if the ball is hit cleanly, satisfactory results can be obtained.

I AM often asked what are the chief reasons why ridiculously low scores are nowadays being continually returned. In my opinion, the reasons are that the modern professional strikes the ball better than he used to, especially on the putting green, and that he also controls his temperament better; that steel shafts have made the playing of the game decidedly easier, although they are not responsible for the increased length of shot; that the playing conditions of the courses get easier and easier, but certainly not better and better; and also that the ball goes further and, without any question, when struck by the leading professionals, much too far.

The Metropolitan Shield Tournament at Walton Heath

A. Stanley Anderson (Hindhead), who won the inaugural event last year, was again successful in the Metropolitan Shield when he beat G. E. Hewan (Walton Heath) by 4 and 3 in the final

H. L. Carr was playing round his home course at Walton Heath; he is with Captain H. Tippet, who lost to Anderson in the first round

The Clerks of the Peace of Counties Golfing Society

This picture was taken at the fifth annual meeting at Tadmarton Heath, Oxon., and shows: (front row) G. R. Crouch (Bucks), Cecil Oakes (East Suffolk), H. G. Thornley (North Riding, Yorks), L. Edgar Stephens (hon. sec.; Warwickshire), J. B. Graham (Bedfordshire), H. L. Underwood (Staffordshire), C. H. Carter (Northumberland), J. B. Kelly (Huntingdonshire), Dudley Aukland (Surrey), L. G. Lewis (deputy; Essex), F. G. Scott (Oxfordshire); (back row) C. P. Brutton (Dorsetshire), E. W. Maples (late clerk; Herefordshire), R. L. Moon (Gloucestershire), H. Rowland (Glamorgan), L. P. New (deputy; Bedfordshire), Hugh J. Owen (Merionethshire), P. E. White (deputy; Shropshire), H. S. Martin (Northamptonshire), E. S. Holcroft (Essex), E. P. Harvey (deputy; Northumberland), R. C. Hansen (Herefordshire) and J. A. Turner (deputy; Warwickshire)

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Cornish Sea-scape at St. Enodoc

Miss Lees and Mrs. Heppell on the fourteenth tee, near the old church once buried by sand

Championships at St. Enodoc

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I HAVE only one grouse in the world. Posts from St. Enodoc are such that this must be written and dispatched before we so much as know the result of Miss Wanda Morgan *v.* Miss Kathleen Garnham, let alone a further probable meeting between the survivor thereof and Miss Phyllis Wade, with its bearing on the result of the whole championship.

Beyond that, I can assure you, there is little left to wish for, except a better draw, so that all these good ones need not go knocking each other out in the early stages, and that Mrs. Garon had not been packed off to London for X-ray by the doctor, instead of having a try to get back the English title. The course is a grand test; the country—or, rather, the coast—utterly beautiful, the weather ideal. In between-whiles even surviving competitors go surfing, and those who have not seen a Cornish sea before are hard put to it to find any word except "incredible" for the colour and the glory of it. Championship Sunday is always a feature: this year it surpassed most.

COUNTY finals are a little difficult to write about, because, as you know, I am Surrey born, bred, and domiciled, and when my County does all it should and wins, and goes on winning, there arise pretty problems of how to do justice to them without sounding blatant or prejudiced. I cannot help it that they do somehow collect the pick of the golfers year after year, nor explain why it is, nor abstain from writing about them,

(*Concluded on page* vi)

The Prelude to the Championship: the Ladies' County Championship at St. Enodoc

Diana Fishwick won all her finals for the victorious Surrey team. Here she is seen with Mrs. Toogood (Yorkshire), whom she beat by 4 and 2

Lady Katharine Cairns and Mrs. Jackson were photographed in one of the final matches, that between Somerset and Norfolk, for which they played respectively. Lady Katharine Cairns was the victor

Miss Peggy Falkner was another Surrey player to win her single in each of the final matches. Surrey's victory held them the cup that was already theirs

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

There is a strong feeling this season for draped evening dresses which cling to the figure in graceful folds. Many in heavy jersey are swathed over the hips and lightly shirred across the bust, while others fall in smooth, unbroken lines like the model on the right. This is a maternity frock from the tea and hostess gown department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, carried out in china blue crêpe embroidered with leaf motifs worked in a darker shade and outlined with silver thread. It costs 15½ guineas and is cleverly designed to hide any changes in the figure, with shirring and a cowl neck, also three hand-run tucks down either side which can be let out inch by inch. The chiffon cape with scarf ends is likewise embroidered with motifs and can be draped to suit the wearer. An illustrated brochure has been specially prepared by this department and will gladly be sent free on request. It contains dresses for all occasions, including simple house and maternity frocks for three and a half guineas

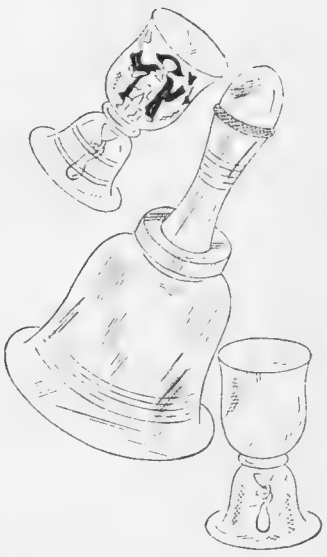
Simple Lines Are Always Flattering

Extravagant hats, which only suit a chosen few, appear at the beginning of every season, but they soon fade out and give place to more practical styles. It is essential to be simple in the country, and Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, are adepts in designing becoming hats to wear with tweeds. Apart from the simple "pull-on" shapes in unspottable felt which roll up into a tight cone, and will pack in the corner of a suitcase, there are the more sophisticated designs such as the models on this page. A delightful version of the Homburg is illustrated above in soft felt, with a dipping brim and folded crown which rises in front. It is available in various shades, including London tan trimmed with emerald green suède, and costs two and a half guineas. Below is an equally becoming model for the same price in two shades of tan felt. The crown is shallow and creased across the top, ending in two wings pointing in opposite directions

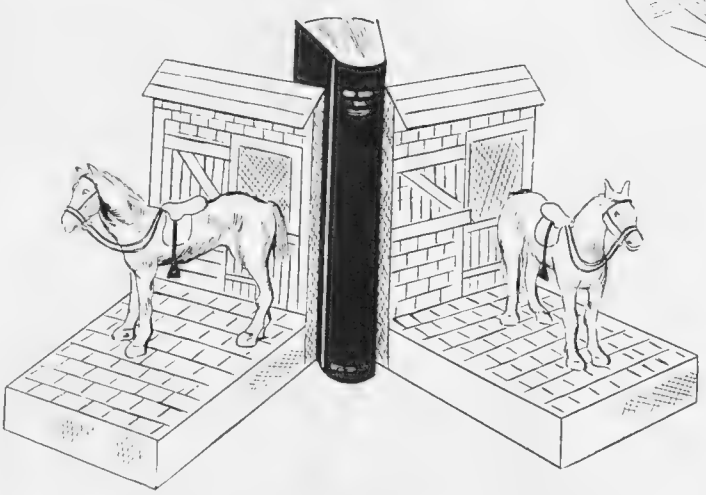
High, pointed crowns, more or less conical in shape, distinguish many of the new hats. One model suggests a seaside pierrot, as it is worn tilted off the forehead with a small brim turned up all round and a feather brush stuck into the top of the crown. A similar shape with a slightly lower crown is pierced across the front with a huge quill set at an angle of forty-five degrees. Another new note is the pigtail bonnet in black velvet. A simple hat with a high, dented crown is seen above in dark green felt with stitched motifs in wine-coloured velvet. It also comes from Henry Heath's and costs 59s. 6d.

Dover Street Studios

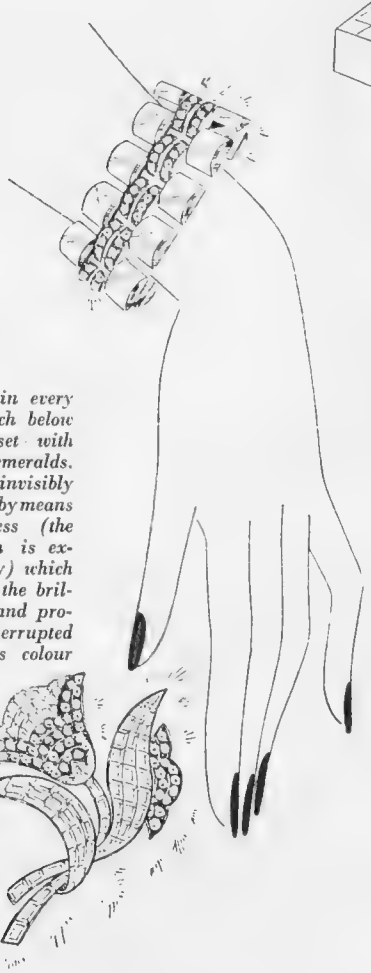
This amusing cat in white American cloth is something new in the way of bathroom accessories. It is filled with cotton-wool, which unrolls through its tail, and costs 2s. 11d. at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street



You can ring for a refill with these new Joy-bell cocktail glasses, as each one is fitted with coloured clappers. They are available either plain or hand-painted with Town Criers, and may be seen at Asprey's, Bond Street, together with the silver-plated shaker, which is also bell-shaped and costs £2 17s. 6d.

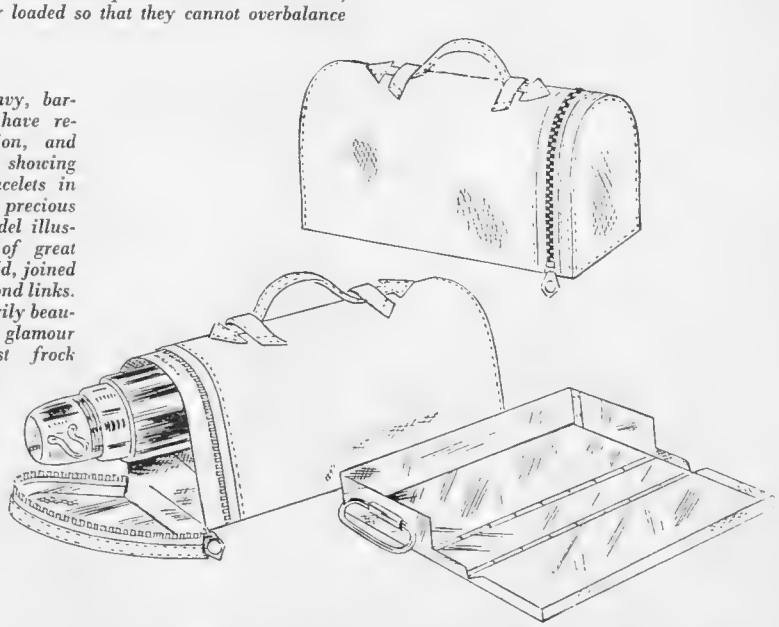


Horse-lovers will appreciate these handsome book-ends from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, with bronze hunters standing ready saddled outside the stable doors. The supports are hand-painted in artistic colours, and heavily loaded so that they cannot overbalance



There is beauty in every line of the brooch below from Asprey's set with diamonds and emeralds. The leaves are invisibly set with emeralds by means of a new process (the patent of which is exclusive to Asprey) which greatly enhances the brilliance of gems and produces an uninterrupted mass of glorious colour

All sorts of heavy, barbaric jewellery have returned to fashion, and Asprey's are showing many lovely bracelets in gold set with precious stones. The model illustrated consists of great "chunks" of gold, joined together by diamond links. It is extraordinarily beautiful and adds glamour to the simplest frock



Even though summer is over, a picnic basket is always useful, particularly when motoring. Sketched above is a hide case, also available in pigskin, lined with velvet and fitted with a leather covered Thermos flask and an aluminium sandwich-box. It closes with a sliding fastener, and is obtainable in two sizes from Swaine and Adeney

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Berkeley's Best : By Alan Thomas

I FEEL very safe in recommending Anthony Berkeley's novel, *Trial and Error* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), to almost any type of reader. Here is something new, both in the way of novels and in the way of detective stories: the twists and turns of the latter are combined with the kind of characterisation that goes to the making of a first-class novel. The story, briefly, is of poor Mr. Todhunter, who has been told by his doctor that he has but a few months to live and who decides to leave the world a little better than he found it by murdering Miss Norwood. (Be assured that Miss N. deserved all that came to her.) The murder, however, is only the beginning of his troubles. It is bad enough that no move should be made to arrest him: what is worse is that somebody else should be arrested instead! And what is worse still is that even when Mr. Todhunter comes forward and confesses, no one will believe him. In the subsequent manœuvres which involve one of the most incredible and at the same time strangely convincing legal situations, Mr. Berkeley gives a superb display of ingenuity, mingled with satirical humour. Even on the scaffold itself the trap is one that the condemned man is less likely to fall into than the reader. The only author who can compare with Anthony Berkeley in this line of country is, I fancy, Francis Iles, and Iles at his best never did anything so good as *Trial and Error*.

IN *Summer - Half* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Angela Thirkell gives us another of her incomparable studies in the lighter kind of lunacy. Most of the characters are young and connected in some way or other with a public school, but in a disarming foreword, Mrs. Thirkell admits that she thinks it extremely improbable that any such school, masters or boys, would ever have existed. No reader is likely to dispute this, though some may regret it. The outstanding fact about Southbridge School was the capacity of most of those in authority for behaving at times with engaging idiocy, and that means fun for everybody, including the reader. The plot of the book doesn't matter much. There are picnics and school sports and summer holidays. Masters fall in and out of love under the acute eyes and comments of their pupils: and two schoolboys and one schoolgirl contribute a good deal of the general entertainment by their conversation and performances. And this is all recounted with Mrs. Thirkell's charm and pointed wit. It is not all fooling; indeed, she frequently hits the bull's eye with some of her satiric shafts. This is an ideal book for anyone who wants to escape from grim realities. I guarantee it will give an hour or two's respite.

"REMEMBERING LAUGHTER" (Heinemann; 6s.) is a short novel by a young American writer named Wallace Stegner. With it he won a 2500-dollar prize. His theme is the kind of hell-upon-earth that can be caused by a combination of Calvinism and jealousy. Margaret and Alec are leading a more or less happy life on a prosperous Iowa farm. To them enters Margaret's sister, Elspeth. Alec and Elspeth (who is less rigid in her outlook than her sister) are soon drawn to one another and a son is born. Do the two elope with their child? Do the husband and wife try to patch things up? Does Elspeth go off alone? Not a bit of it. The four of them continue to live—or rather exist—under the same roof, and under the gloom, that never lifts, of Elspeth's and Alec's shame and Margaret's disapproval. And this goes on for eighteen dreadful years, until Alec's sudden death releases the tension, and the boy goes off leaving his mother and aunt "sentenced to the prison they had made for themselves—to fade and wither and dry up inch by inch in the silence of their house." Superficially the situation looks improbable. It is the characters of the actors—convincingly portrayed by their author—that give it reality. Mr. Stegner's descriptions both of people and of the countryside are proof of his considerable powers as a writer. *Remembering Laughter* leaves the reader with an unforgettable picture of gray gloom and tragedy.

"THERE is in the course of history," writes Dorothy Brooke in *Pilgrims Were They All* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.), "no more rounded period of time than the fourth century of our era." In these studies of religious adventure Lady Brooke is dealing with a period when Christianity was becoming an established religion, and puritans aghast at the luxury, culture and power of the church "fled to the wilderness and became anchorites and monks." And so in the first part of her book she tells the story of these queer people—hermits, heretics, preachers, pilgrims and scholars—with Antony, the greatest of all anchorites, as the central figure. Next comes Etheria, "interested not only in the shrines and places of holy association, but in topography, in natural features, in landscape and scenery." She it is whom Lady Brooke would have canonised "the pilgrim's tutelary, the tourist's patron saint." In Part III. there is an excellent study of the heretic Pelagius, the first British author, and famous down the ages as the defender of free will. A fourth section revives the memory of the saint, poet and philosopher Gregory of Nazianus, who, as this world goes, was a failure, but "in the struggle to preserve his consistency against all assaults and shocks scored, in the pages of history, a very unusual success." Lady Brooke shows herself to be both a scholar and a wit; and her writing, modern in tone, makes pleasant reading.

FOR light entertainment I recommend *Rotten Borough*, a Frolic, by Julian Pine (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.) —*not* the most suitable book to offer to a maiden aunt; also *Gay Good-Night*, a cheerful extravaganza of Oxford life by David Winser (Longmans; 7s. 6d.); and also *The Mother of Claudine*, by Colette (Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d.). For a bright volume of reminiscences, packed with anecdotes and interesting people, I advise *Me—Again*, Collections and Recollections by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson; 18s.).

FINALLY, I must at least mention a book by our old friend, General Public, called *May 12th, Mass - Observation, Day Survey*, edited by Humphrey Jennings, Charles Madge and others, and written by over two hundred observers (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). It is a kind of self-portrait of the nation on a day of national importance. It is not to detract from the present interest of this survey to observe what engrossing reading it will make for the student of history—or of human nature—in, say, a couple of thousand years' time.

"Whiteoaks" Party

To celebrate the 600th performance of "Whiteoaks," at the Playhouse, Mazo de la Roche, the author, gave a party to the cast at Vale House, her home at Windsor. Nancy Price, who gives such a magnificent performance as the grandmother, is standing next Miss de la Roche

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this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Golf Clubs at Home: St. Deiniol, Bangor

This sporting inland course was first laid out in 1906 with a club membership of 48 (it is now over 300) and nine holes. The round in its present form was first opened in 1910 and three times since then extensive improvements have been made to give it its present form. The fine natural turf of the fairways and the scientific treatment of the greens lend excellence to an already stimulating and attractive place for a round of golf

C. H. Crebbin (hon. secretary) and W. Glyn Griffith (hon. treasurer)

James Roberts

J. E. Gresty (vice-captain)

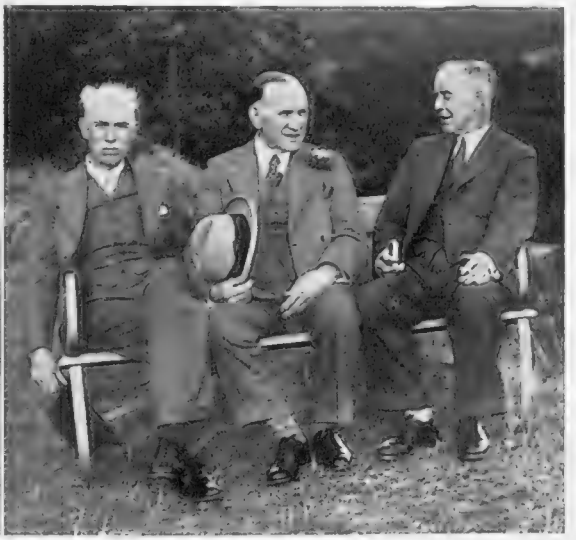
Ivor Williams (captain)

W. Ewart Williams *F. R. Cooke* *A. R. Breese*

E. H. Jones *W. J. Henry*

N. R. Gibbons, A. P. Curtis, J. H. Gray and D. R. Magee

Dr. Alun Roberts



J. Rees, R. B. Tasker and Price F. White (vice-president)

This England . . .

Naunton, in a fold of the Cotswolds—Glos.

THERE was a great American who wrote this of England: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt . . . That beauty which is England alone—it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details—just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles—and over it all a mellow dream haze of history." Thus Mark Twain. And he might rightly have added to his simple catalogue "and hop vines and barley and the brewing of Worthington," for these last are as English as any ivy'd church or moated castle—and, in their humble way, just as historic.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Ladies Only

These three pictures were taken at the Brighton speed trials at Madeira Drive. Above is Mrs. Beadle at the wheel of A. S. Heall's 1910 Fiat, which won its event with 57·03 m.p.h.; top right is Miss Joan Richmond in R. A. Waddy's Fuzzi

Mrs. Roy Eccles entered the Unlimited class for ladies at Brighton in G. B. Sumner's Delage

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Just a reminder that, Summer Time having come to an end last Sunday, the new anti-dazzle regulations of the Ministry of Transport are now in force. The regulations provide (under Statutory Rules and Orders, 1936, No. 392) that the light from "driving lamps" must be so controlled that at all times it is incapable of dazzling a person standing at a greater distance than twenty-five feet from the car. I hope you have taken steps to comply with this order.

You have? Then perhaps you would be good enough to write and tell me how, for to do so you must first have satisfied yourself with a definition of "dazzle"—and that is a thing I fear I cannot do. I have looked up the word in my dictionary and find that the verb "to dazzle" means "to confuse, as a person or one's eyes, by an excess of light." So far, so good. But what *is* an "excess of light"? Surely this varies according to the prevailing conditions?

Surfaces which reflect may convert a light, harmless enough amid non-reflecting surroundings, into an "excess"; an intensely dark background may accentuate an otherwise passable lamp into a dazzle offender; a rain-spotted or dirty windscreen, through which a normal light is seen, may also convert it into an offender, while, above all, the susceptibility of an individual's eyes to dazzle may prove the deciding factor.

Still—you have taken steps to comply with Statutory Rules and Orders, 1936, No. 392. I salute you!

The resignation of Hans Stuck from the German Auto-Union racing stable will be greatly regretted by motoring sportsmen, not only in Germany, but also in this country, where he was very popular. When, on the occasion of his first visit, in 1930, he shattered the Shelsley Walsh Hill record, in his Austro-Daimler, with the very excellent time of 42·4 seconds, he established himself firmly in the hearts of British enthusiasts, and his return visit last year with an Auto-Union was a most popular German "invasion." That wet weather alone robbed him of a repetition of his previous success was never in doubt, for in practice he several times clocked unofficial record times.

Stuck announces that he has retired from racing; but speed is in his blood, and so he intends to build a boat to his own design to attack Sir Malcolm Campbell's water-speed record.

During his thirteen years of active participation in motor-racing events, Stuck scored many notable victories, having captured first place in races and hill climbs on more than one hundred occasions, having also held the titles of European Mountain Champion and German Mountain Champion.

A few years ago, in collaboration with E. G. Burgaller, another racing driver, Stuck wrote a text-book on motor-racing, which is unique, and gives a great many most valuable hints on racing driving.

A very fine entry of twenty-one fast cars has been received for the race for the Imperial trophy at the Crystal Palace next Saturday. The entry of two Maseratis by Count Lurani, whose Scuderia Ambrosiana has had such a notably successful first year of racing, is of particular interest, while all the pick of the British drivers have also entered.

Doubtless it is the exceptional quality of the entry which has encouraged the B.B.C. to choose this meeting to conduct its first experimental television transmission of a motor-race. If the experiment proves successful, no doubt it will be the forerunner of many similar transmissions next year, and, indeed, it may be a historic occasion in the annals not only of motoring sport, but also of broadcasting, for as yet very few, if any, outdoor sporting transmissions have been attempted by the television brigade.

The Crystal Palace programme comprises two heats and a final of the Imperial Trophy, which the organisers rightly describe as "the first international car race ever staged in London." The two heats are over ten laps of the two-miles-long circuit, while the final is over fifteen laps, and between Heat 2 and the final, Dick Seaman is to take his Mercédès-Benz round on a demonstration run.

The entry is grouped according to engine capacity, to which there is no limit, and each category is divided equally into the heats. Spectacular overtaking will therefore be assured.

This event is the last of the Road Racing Club's fixtures for 1937, and ambitious plans are already taking shape to render the circuit even faster for next season.

The first heat of the Imperial Trophy Race starts at 2.30 p.m., and the Final is expected to finish at about 4.50 p.m.

No one who is experienced enough to know what it is like to drive a really fast car round Brooklands will question the entire wisdom of Arthur Fox's decision to withdraw his 4½-litre Lagonda from the M.C.C. One-Hour trial recently. This is the car in which I was to have attacked the Stock Car One-Hour figure of 102 miles, standing to the credit of the German B.M.W.

In practice the Lagonda had gone well, and on the evening of the day preceding the Trial it seemed that nothing short of an unexpected incident could prevent us from attaining our ambition. Next morning, however, the rain was pouring down, and great pools of water lay all round the track, while the tricky bit round the blind right-hand corner at the Fork was like a skating-rink.

Had we had Brooklands to ourselves, we should probably have gone out, but in view of the fact that in the M.C.C. event thirty-eight other cars would be on the track, mostly in the hands of novices, it was thought best, in the interests of safety, to scratch our very fast car, and postpone the attempt until conditions should be more propitious.

It now seems probable that the run will be made round about the time these words are in your hands. The Royal Automobile Club will observe the attempt officially, and the car will run flat-out for one hour, fully equipped with lamps, screen, hood, wings, spare wheel, etc., and will run on standard grades of Cleveland petrol and Castrol oil.

The Pleasure Of Your Company

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

When sending out invitations to your Sherry Party remember to include Findlater's — the finest of all fine Sherries. Not merely for the "cachet" which the label gives, but for its rare flavour, its subtle bouquet and impeccable excellence.

It is so easy to spoil a pleasant evening with Sherry that "is no better than it ought to be." So simple to be *sure* by serving Findlater's!

Here are four of Findlater's most popular Sherries:—

	Per doz. bottles.
FINDLATER'S COURT Medium dry pale, excellent at any time of the day.	48/-
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FINDLATER'S MARCH BROWN Generous, but without heaviness.	72/-
FINDLATER'S AMONTILLADO No. 16 Our Chairman's favourite Sherry. Dry and distinctive.	88/-

A sample case containing one bottle of each is available at 20/- carriage paid. Sample case offer and prices, United Kingdom only.

Agents for Findlater's Sherries all over the World.

New York: Greig Lawrence and Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FINDLATER'S

SHERRIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD., 90-92 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

To Fly Through the Air—

By Charles Ward

"Maia" riding at anchor off Short Brothers' slipway at Rochester. Given clear weather, the great experiment of carrying and releasing the seaplane "Mercury" will be made this week

World Trade Routes

In the race for commercial air-power, this country seems to be taking the lead, in spite of the opinion of the critics who point to the superior speed and frequency of foreign air lines. These latter can give us points in matters of detail, but, on the whole, British civil aviation and Imperial Airways in particular are ahead of their competitors in many important respects. Take the Atlantic, and especially the northern half, subject to moods of depression unknown in any other sea except perhaps round Cape Horn—and who wants to fly round the Horn, when the great advantage of the air way is that one can go over a place instead of around it? The Empire flying-boat "Cambria" completed its last crossing at a speed of 190 miles an hour—ten and a half hours from shore to shore. This year's work has been entirely experimental. No passengers have been carried. The object has been to test the wireless and weather reporting stations, together with such aid as could be obtained from surface ships, and the results have been most satisfactory. Now for the trials of the "Albatross"; of the Mayo "Baby" and its mother-ship, both of which are illustrated in this issue; and of refuelling in the air. Each one of these may offer favourable comparison with the flying-boat, but in any case, we have four strings to our aeronautical bow. The myth that an Atlantic journey by air would be an adventure for many years to come has been exploded. In the winter months it is true that the northern route to Newfoundland is going to be difficult. Air navigation may have become an exact science, and engines are so reliable that a forced landing halfway over will not occur, but the problem of getting down in fog still remains unsolved. The southern route via the Azores and Bermuda offers a way out, as also does a direct crossing to New York by landplane or seaplane

Progress Abroad

By contrast with our own efforts to link Canada and the States with England, the French and the Germans have evolved a very complete system for the journey to South America. Last week, M. Louis Allegre, head of the French air group, crossed from Senegal to

(Concluded on page iv)

Ladies' Day
THURSDAY, OCT. 14
The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

Patrons: Their Majesties The King and Queen

31st INTERNATIONAL

MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits.
Sir Malcolm Campbell's Speed Boat "Blue Bird."

OCT. 14-23

DAILY 10 TILL 10
ADMISSION 2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m.....5/-
Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK, controlled by the R.A.C. adjoins the Exhibition.

EARLS COURT
LONDON, S.W. C.D.C.

To be followed by The COMMERCIAL MOTOR TRANSPORT EXHIBITION, NOV. 4-13

British Cars are Better Built

-and last longer

THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

To Fly Through the Air—

(*Continued from page* ii)

Brazil and back, a distance of 4000 miles over the sea, in thirty-six hours. The pilot was Codos, who has flown the North Atlantic in both directions and is air superintendent of Air France. The French success over the ocean has been gained chiefly with landplanes and through the genius of the late Jean Mermoz. Their flying-boats have not given the results expected. The Germans, on the other hand, have perfected a system of patrol and refuelling with the Dornier that is to be extended to the North Atlantic. Their type differs from ours in an important technical respect—it uses stub floats attached to the hull instead of to the wing. Germany is in difficulties in the matter of distance when flying the northern ocean, unless arrangements can be made to take in supplies of fuel in Ireland or Portugal or the Azores; the distance to be covered is nearly twice as great as ours. It seems that British and American control over the easiest airway is assured for some years to come. There has been occasional competition by Italian and Dutch pilots over the Atlantic, but no serious services are contemplated. As to the Pacific, the Amerians are ahead of us. Commercially, their rivalry is considerable, but translated into terms of air-power, we have nothing to fear from an amalgamation of interests. It is unthinkable that we should be on opposite sides in any struggle that involved war, and the establishment of world air routes is vital to us so that trade may spread and war be avoided. Whether this desirable state of affairs can be realised depends very largely on the supremacy of the Anglo-American air system. All of which may seem unimportant to the business man in a hurry to book an order 10,000 miles away, but consider China and the terrible losses that are being sustained by British business interests, not forgetting those of other neutrals, at the present time. Air-power is the factor that will decide the course of all future disputes between nations, and the commercial aspect of such power is the one which we must develop side by side with the expansion of the R.A.F., bearing in mind that the latter may represent an insurance policy, but the former will provide the money to pay the premium.

The seaplane "Mercury"—the baby which is to be carried on the back of "Maia" to 10,000 feet, before being launched for an Atlantic flight. Both aircraft have been built by Short Brothers for the Air Ministry and Imperial Airways jointly

A two-way trick . . .

. . . with a 'Vanity'

This very latest fitted evening pochette is an elegant, easy-to-carry vanity in gold or silver kid—so much lighter than last year's metal models. Both sides open to reveal between them pockets to hold . . . cigarettes, matches, powder and puff comb, purse, lipstick and mirror — in fact, everything you require. From the Handbag Dept. for 49/6

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

WE'RE GIVING AN OVERCOAT SHOW FOR MEN ABOUT REGENT STREET

Overcoats. More overcoats. And still more overcoats. Formal coats and casual coats. Coats that clearly live in town, and coats that just as clearly spend their time at country houses. Coats that can do both and get away with it. Coats that throw off a shower. Coats that could make a polar breeze look pretty silly. The greatest display of overcoats ever—all waiting for you to slip them on and see how you look in them. Hundreds that will fit you perfectly at five and six guineas; and some specially distinguished ones at eight. Come in for yours to-day.

The Walking Ulster for town or country. In Scotch and Irish tweeds, and cheviots
5, 6 or 8 guineas

The Ayrdown, for the man who wants an extra coat for informal occasions. Shower-proofed, light-weight Scotch fleece
6 guineas

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OF REGENT STREET

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AUSTIN REED LTD.

Championships at St. Enodoc

(Continued from page 30)

and if the *Morning Post* added laudatory head-lines to reports which I struggled to keep impartial, that is not my doing.

It was a sad pity that Surrey met Yorkshire first off, for it was supposed to be the key match, and by the time Surrey had won 5 to 2 from their foes of so many finals, the spice was a little bit out of the cake. Individually, the best fight that morning was Miss Jean Hamilton's nineteenth-hole win from Mrs. Rhodes, with Miss Hamilton 3 up at the eleventh, Mrs. Rhodes refusing to be downhearted, and both hitting the ball a long way and playing really good golf. Yorkshire's winners were Miss Kathleen Merry, who played as a small girl in the Girls' Championship and Northern Foursomes, and Miss Gresham, who has a fine swing, hits the ball a long way, and is really full of promise.

SOMERSET have a promising young player, too, in Miss E. Davies, who won by 4 and 2 that morning from Mrs. Murrell Stuart, the next morning from Mrs. E. M. Hartley, and only lost on the last green to Miss Peggy Falkner. Somerset sprang something of a surprise with their win from Norfolk in the morning by the odd match, but nothing compared with what Norfolk did in the afternoon, when they beat Yorkshire six to one. Norfolk have a way of doing these things; and more than once in the past the eventual champion county have owed their position to something Norfolk have done to one of the other three.

That being so, Surrey took them anything but lightheartedly the next morning, and though they won all seven matches, only two were easy wins. Yorkshire were firm with Somerset—5 to 2 and big margins—but the feeling was that you never can tell in county golf, and that no county need ever despair. There was a time when Surrey was under eclipse; another when Cheshire dominated everything. Norfolk and Somerset may yet have their turn.

AS aforesaid, I can only talk of the first day of the English Championship. The major surprises were the defeats of Miss Fishwick and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, but Miss Brenda Norris and Miss Zara Bonner Davis both deserved their wins, and one has to be philosophical and feel it all for the good of the game when fresh names come to the top. Miss Norris has sometimes looked to have rather a complicated swing, and to lack rhythm: that afternoon there were any number of spectators saying what a lovely swing she had, and she was certainly hitting the ball excellently. Miss Fishwick destroyed herself by bad putting, and Miss Norris was too good a golfer not to take the chance. Miss Bonner Davis won the Hertfordshire Championship at a first attempt a few years ago; she is long, she hits the ball powerfully and well, she was round in 78, and so no blame whatever attaches to Miss Hartopp, who played thoroughly well herself. This is so big a course, with so much need for hard hitting, that conviction grows stronger each round that only a powerfully built golfer, able to get the distance without much exertion, can last through. The younger the golfer, too, the greater her hope of staying.

Next week at Ranelagh the other type will have their chance.

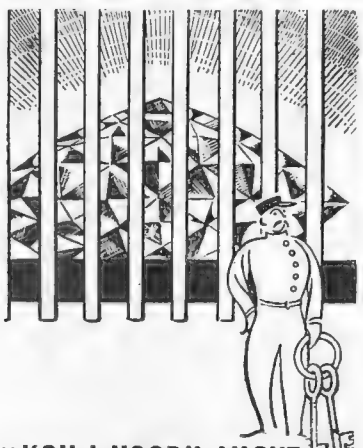
Two More at St. Enodoc

Mrs. W. H. Wood (North Manchester) beat Miss Beryl Pockett (Worthing) by one hole in the first round of the English Ladies' Championship

THERE are a lot of promising youngsters about, that is sure, but whether any of them will have enough time and money for the game to stay at the top of the tree if they get there it is hard to say, and there is no denying that the attitude of the L.G.U. towards them is, unfortunately, the reverse of helpful.

Without doubt this amateur business has got to be thrashed out and settled on some basis which will not penalise the girl who has brains and uses them, even if it means adopting a different definition of an amateur from that of the Royal and Ancient. Too big a subject, that, to start now, but when the moment comes, you shall hear what I really think. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



"KOH-I-NOOR" MIGHT COST YOU MORE . . .

A diamond of such quality,
I simply must forego.
They wouldn't mark it down in price
It cost too much, and so
For something less than half, I thought,
I'll get some Double Diamond Port.

Messrs. Morgan Brothers beg to state that when you want a Port, equal in quality to that most famous of all crown jewels, the 'Koh-i-Noor' you'll get it for 6/6 a bottle, but you must insist on

6/6

DIXON'S DOUBLE DIAMOND PORT

Morgan Bros., 14 Trinity Sq., London, E.C.3

THE care of your face and hands demands extra attention *now*—there are treacherous "cold weather" months ahead. Make sure that your delicate skin tissues are toned up with "Larola"—and thus fortified against the extremes of biting wind and overheated vehicles and rooms. Larola—the choice of women who are particular—keeps the skin beautifully white and soft and protects the bloom and charm of a healthy radiant complexion and safeguards the lovely texture of your hands. If temporary neglect has resulted in roughness, coarseness or chapping to hands or face, Larola will allay the irritation and speedily restore the skin to its natural beauty.

Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. *Single Tablets* 8d. *Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge) the natural Tint, Sifter Boxes, with puff,* 1/- *and* 2/6

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

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A Peer among Pipes!

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NEW ERA (De Luxe finish) 12/6

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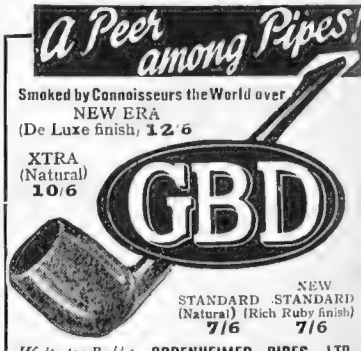

NEW STANDARD (Natural) 7/6

STANDARD (Rich Ruby finish) 7/6

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APRICOT BRANDY

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in best Scottish or West of England cloths—ready for immediate wear.

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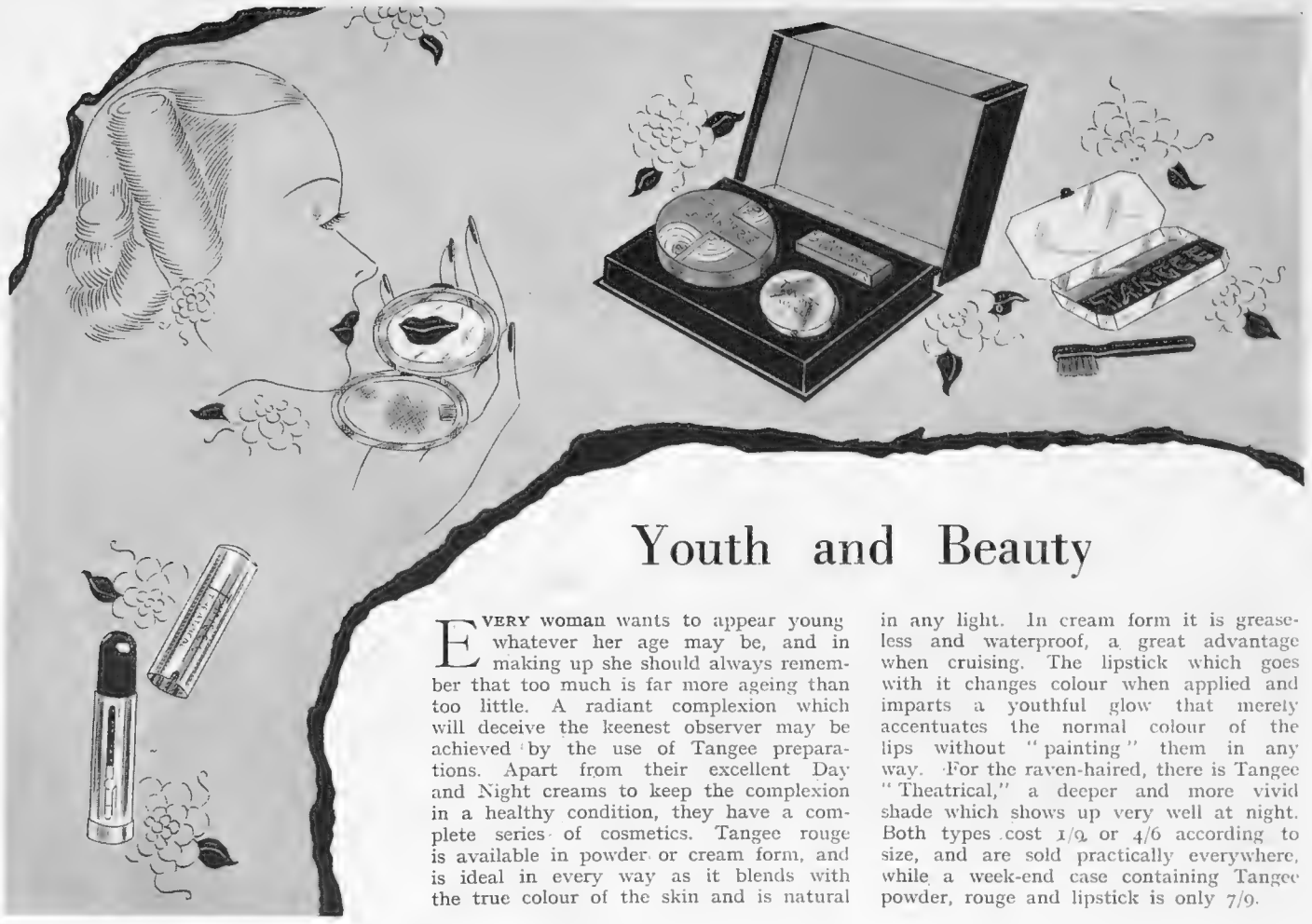

Youth and Beauty

EVERY woman wants to appear young whatever her age may be, and in making up she should always remember that too much is far more ageing than too little. A radiant complexion which will deceive the keenest observer may be achieved by the use of Tangee preparations. Apart from their excellent Day and Night creams to keep the complexion in a healthy condition, they have a complete series of cosmetics. Tangee rouge is available in powder or cream form, and is ideal in every way as it blends with the true colour of the skin and is natural in any light. In cream form it is greaseless and waterproof, a great advantage when cruising. The lipstick which goes with it changes colour when applied and imparts a youthful glow that merely accentuates the normal colour of the lips without "painting" them in any way. For the raven-haired, there is Tangee "Theatrical," a deeper and more vivid shade which shows up very well at night. Both types cost 1/9 or 4/6 according to size, and are sold practically everywhere, while a week-end case containing Tangee powder, rouge and lipstick is only 7/9.

The Kitten *(Continued from page 24)*

until even David felt a little queer and wished they were into Falmouth Harbour. But Father smoked his pipe all the way and was never sick.

David remembered the last time they had gone to Falmouth. It was nearly a year ago, and he remembered it so well because that night, after he 'd gone to bed and had been asleep a long while, he was woken by noises downstairs which first frightened him and then puzzled him, and then frightened him even more, for it was Father's voice shouting angrily and Mother crying; and it must have been the first time it had happened, for he was sure he had never heard it before. And Father was angry all the next day and did not speak to anyone, and Mother looked white and was crying when he came running in from school for his dinner. But it wasn't long before things were all right again and Father as jolly as ever and Mother smiling and happy. And David would have forgotten all about it, only it happened again just before Christmas, and once just afterwards; but not since; and perhaps it would never happen again.

"All right, Tibs! All *right!*" David called. "Don't be so impatient!" He was proud of knowing so long a word, and as he walked over to the door and opened it, he said, "You 're a naughty, impatient little thing, Tibs, and I 've a good mind not to let you in."

The kitten, a black atom with a white patch over one eye and white feet, came in with a little rush, purring loudly and began to rub against David's bare legs. "Stop it, Tibs—you 're tiggling!" he laughed. "Now, it 's no good your being so impatient, because I 'm going to wash first and then dress, and so you can just wait." He walked over to the bed and the kitten, following and jumping on to the bed, ran on to the pillow, leaving a faint, reddish smear in the imprint from one of her paws. "Oh, you naughty, dirty Tibs!" David cried; and then, stooping to look closer at the pillow, he went on: "Poor Tibs! You 've a bad paw—let me look." He picked the kitten up and tried to examine the stained paw, but she meowed and squirmed and struggled to get free and finally escaped and hid under the washing-stand, where David could not reach her. "All right, you silly," he said, pouring a very small quantity of water out into the basin and beginning a hurried wash, "I only wanted to clean it for you, and now it 'll get poisoned and you 'll have to have it cut off and go about on three legs, or perhaps you 'll die." He towelled himself perfunctorily and then began to dress hurriedly, the kitten watching him anxiously but warily; she wanted her milk, but she did not want any more of his rumplings if they could be avoided.

He was soon ready. He gave a quick look into the glass, smoothed his hair down carelessly with his hand, and then opened his door and went downstairs, the kitten skipping on delightedly ahead. He was well into the living-room before he stopped short abruptly and cried out at the two bodies sprawled upon the red-brick floor and the dark pool that lay between them. He rushed to the front door and tugged at it, screaming; and as it opened he ran out into the sunny little street, still screaming, with the kitten, its bushy tail erect, in hopeful pursuit.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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By Appointment.

The Autumn Ensemble *by Debenhams*

A distinctive ensemble in boucle wool, the well cut dress with embroidered leaf design on bodice, seven eighths length coat to match with smart revers of nutria. In black, navy and Autumn shades.
Sizes: 42, 44 and 46 **14½** *gns.*

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Paris ordains the vogue of the Feather Hat and Marshall & Snelgrove's present four new models that may be made to your own head fitting and specially dyed to match or contrast with your Autumn clothes.

Feather Hats are just as becoming as fur ones although they are much lighter and less expensive.

Marshall's invite you to try on these new styles in their Salon for model Millinery on the first floor.

3

GUINEAS

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(*Above*) MODEL THREE-QUARTER COAT in fine quality Natural Mink.
PRICE **275** GNS.

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PRICE **198** GNS.

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FOOT RULES

PURITAN
LEATHER
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MAKE
SHOES
WEAR
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"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link. Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 6 — October 12

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner now nearing its end: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—The fine and gripping play about a Jesuit brotherhood has transferred complete to the Cambridge, 8.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfred Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about Keith Winter's Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PEOPLE IN LOVE.—But not very deeply or brightly, despite good acting by Ellen Pollock, Greta Nissen, Cyril Ritchard: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Shaw sets the theatre rocking, with brilliant help from Diana Wynyard, Robert Morley, Jay Laurier, Jean Cadell: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH'S THE SEASON.—A tragi-comedy of Dublin life is the second of the Longford players' season: Westminster, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 97.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

TAKE IT EASY.—American Barbara Blair wrote this musical comedy, and acts in it; Patricia Burke leads: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Café Chantant"

Gypsy Markoff is one of the new-discovery stars of Henry Sherek's floor-show at the Ritz. She plays her own accordion accompaniment to Zigeuner songs

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play. Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

First Night

THE DEAD HAND.—The Playgoers' Guild present this, with Margaretta Scott and Godfrey Kenton: Whitehall, Thurs., 7th.

CINEMAS

ANOTHER DAWN (American).—Errol Flynn and Kay Francis in this: Regal.

ARTISTS AND MODELS (American).—Romance, music and girls; Jack Benny, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen: Plaza.

A DAY AT THE RACES (American).—Short run of the Marx Brothers' latest: Curzon.

FIREFLY (American).—A spy picture with music and Jeanette Macdonald and Alan Jones: Empire.

GANGWAY (British).—Jessie Matthews' latest shows her as reporter who gets in and out of trouble with Barry Mackay and others: Gaumont.

HIS AFFAIR (American).—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck's exciting round-up of bank robbers is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR (British).—Marlene Dietrich as an escapist Russian countess, Robert Donat as her Scarlet Pimpernel; good authenticity: London Pavilion.

THE ROAD BACK (American).—This is the film of Remarque's second war-book, and has a long cast, with Slim Summerville, Richard Cromwell, Louise Fazenda: New Gallery.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Carlton.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a technicolour tragedy, excellently acted, revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—"Le Lion Amoureux" is the last new ballet in this season, which ends on Saturday: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SADLER'S WELLS:

POMONA, CHECKMATE, LES PATINEURS: Sat., 9th, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, APPARITIONS, BLUE BIRD pas de deux, FAÇADE: Tues., 12th, 8.30.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

RIGOLETTO: to-night, 6th, 8.

LA BOHÈME: Thurs, 7th, 8.

MADAME BUTTERFLY: Fri., 8th, 8.

RIGOLETTO: Sat., 9th, 8.

MUSIC

Recitals

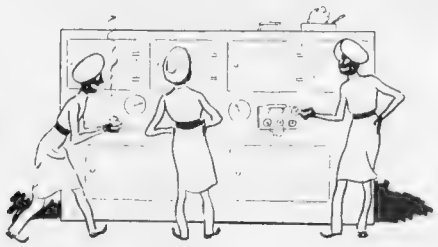
ADOLF BUSCH.—Assisted by Rudolf Serkin and the Busch Quartet in a Bach and Mozart recital: Queen's Hall, to-day, 6th; Mon., 11th, 8.15.

HELEN PERKIN.—Piano recital with Antonio Brosa (violin): Queen's Hall, Sat., 9th, 3.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

London Nights: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers



Western magic for the mysterious East: electric cooking at Veeraswamy's

I'M going from right to left for a change. From East (Veeraswamy's) to Westminster (Ice Rink).

Veeraswamy's

So first I'll reiterate my warm recommendation of India's offerings in Swallow Street. If you haven't been before, make your first visit just an impression-absorber: puggaris and quite scrutable Oriental smiles meet you on ground level. And the street-doorman is no mere catch-penny coloured. He's one of a staff entirely Indian, from chef to cloak-room attendant.

Cool palms, spotless linen, deft service in broken but adequate English or any dialect you know. Your fellow-feeders will be mostly mild-eyed Anglo-Indians and their pretty daughters come to taste again their hot favourites. Some few Indians, probably a rajah or nabob amongst them. Others English, born, bred and stayed-put, come for English food (which is plentiful and darned good). Order yourself a curry. Say "Madras," if you are feeling tough. And Bombay duck, which isn't duck and only pays sentimental or entrepôt homage to Bombay. And some mangoes. Perhaps hock mit, or lager. Followed by coffee.

Then go again and again, and give the menu the works. A delightful place, warm in winter, punkah-cooled in summer; electric-kitchened; open Sundays; not expensive.

Kempinski's

BANG next door is Kempinski's. You know the Hausfaderland in Berlin? The tradition is kept up in W.1, though in smaller space. Not German food only. *All* Continental specialities are Kempinski specialities (not a bad slogan, that). The menu is turgid with tongue-twisting names, each with a good English rendering alongside. But the waiters are linguists, and have to be.

The food they serve is always good—generally much more liberal than you'd expect, and—I'm told by international spies—the real things.

And now Mr. Kempinski, Jr., whom you see herewith, has opened a "Farm" Downstairs. No standing at bars. Little tables around a cosy and nicely decorated room, angular and be-nooked. Fine for lunch. Finer still for dinner and afterwards into a small hour. A versatile chap, Castelly, sits at a piano and sings and plays and plays and sings again. No dancing. But, after 11, sandwiches and large beer-mugs, or anything from Mr. K.'s strong cellar. You ought to know about Kempinski's Farm for after a theatre or for a talkative and protracted dinner. Go and see.

Mr. Kempinski screens his new decorations

New Queen's

THE New Queen's is something of the same sort. Not so recent a vintage, and bigger in scale. A bier-keller. Food basically German, with leanings North towards Scandinavia and far West to America. A little bar with an interesting barman (used to be a circus maestro). Then cool, porticoed, panelled informality. The keynote is beer-mugs, but you can get everything. A quiet crowd for lunch. Each table seems to be in an oasis, which is very pleasant for agoraphobes. Dinner tremendously popular, with national music, and so on, into the night. No dancing.

Go for their hors d'œuvre, their salads, their Swedish specials, and any of the plats du jour. Prices are not a bit high. Contentment is vast.

Where is this place? You may well ask me, for it does not shout its locality at you, and is downstairs away from dust, heat, and itinerant visibility. In Leicester Square. On the east side of the Empire. A flight of steps. Two sharp turns, and you're in a place you'll very soon be in again. Coffee very good, too. No need for evening dress, but O.K. if you are. Recommended especially for taking Americans and cheerful Continentals.

Cosy nooks and crannies at the New Queen's

Vintage or non-vintage, only the finest cuvées of this excellent Champagne are shipped to this country.

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Le Tour de France

à l'Ecu de France

At London's latest and most *couru* restaurant, we shall serve every night, starting on October 20th, the local dishes of one or other of the gastronomically famous towns of France, prepared from the original recipes found by l'Ecu de France in Paris. Accompanying these expertly-chosen, perfectly cooked regional dinners will be two or three selected wines, coffee, brandy or liqueur. It is advisable to book your table in advance.

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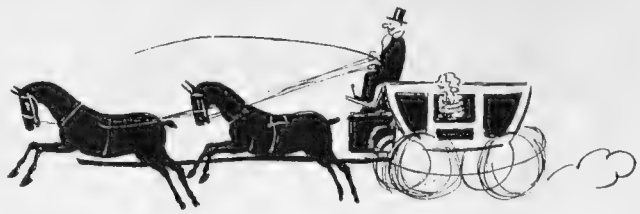


Coaching Days at Hatchett's

Hatchett's

UNDER the same background ownership now as the new Queen's is what might well be called the new Hatchett's. But it 's silly to think of Hatchett's being new ever. As the White Horse Cellars and Coaching Terminus, it has an eternal write-up in Pickwick. As Hatchett's itself, " Bulldog " Drummond has used its Piccadilly stairs as a get-away from Carl Petersen.

But you 'll find changes to-day. The Down Street bar ; considerably prinked. The Piccadilly bar is roughly its popular self (far-flung expatriate readers, please note).

The restaurant itself (Boscasso presides) is redecorated, largely re-staffed, and considerably replenished. Superb English food, quickly brought. A quick lunch, 4/6, for matinée-goers. Au choix of seven courses, 6/-. À la carte, with a mixed grill, for example, at 4/-. Dinner, 6/6, and according.

Wines ? Well, if you know your wines, just look at their wine list—one of the very finest in all London. Huge clarets, with a star 1921 Cheval Blanc, 37/6, unique (isn't it ?) in the town. Or, less rare, but different for a different mood, a Batard Montrachet, 1929, for 7/-. Rhines and Moselles very strong. Lovely.

In short, an old coaching inn, gracefully and successfully up-to-dated.

The Blue Room

Angels from Vienna at the Blue Room

As a Russian experiment, this ought to have come earlier. But I 'm getting my geography gradually muddled. Fox-trots and Viennese Singing Sisters, cool Bacardis and perfect steaks, which are my most immediate memories of the Blue Room, have almost blinded me to Captain Vivien's Cossack inaccuracies of speech. He is the genius of the Blue Room, and he is Russia of the good old days. Ask his advice on food and wine. Quiet lunching round the walls ; quiet dining. See Esthonian Albo's new mural decorations. Eat, drink, and be merry till well after midnight—unchanged, if that 's the way you are.

But don't forget the bar before dinner. The great big chef still comes around with hot hors d'œuvres before seven in the evening. You 'll meet your friends in comfort there. And you 'll drift across the lounge to see the evening through.

The Singing Sisters ? They 're the cabaret. You 've heard them on the radio, surely ? They 're very easy to watch, too. Fioronti and his Gauchos play for dancing—7/6 is about the basic price for that. Sunday evenings after the 10th.

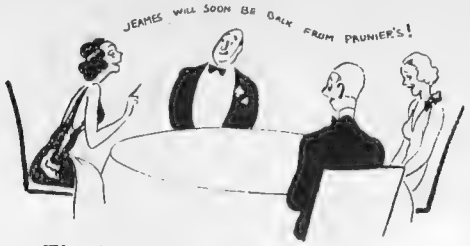
Bon Viveur Club

IT is always a charming experience to go back to the Bon Viveur. Its atmosphere and décor give one the pleasantest of nostalgias for those little restaurants where one ate and drank on holiday. Plus the great consolation that here one eats and drinks rather better.

Davico has two novelties to greet the autumn. The first, friture d'homard, a rather fascinating way of eating lobster hot. The second, a new wine-list cover, made like the entry to an old cellar : magnificence justified by the excellent list inside.

No novelty is the quiet, melodious little band (three-piece) that plays in the evening. Nor the treatment of the cigar question. Cigars, specially rolled, packed, and sent from Havana, are stored with the supremest care. The cedar-wood boxes, beautifully inlaid, are specially made, too—a sore temptation for any woman, who longs to drop the cigars in an irreverent heap on the table and go off with the box.

Ladies Covet the Bon Viveur's Lovely Cigar Boxes



The Prunier "On Prendra" Way of Entertaining

Prunier's

THE new season brings ever-new excitements to St. James's Street. Oysters are going down grateful œsophagi by their thousands, and not merely your stay-at-home Whitstables, but Mme. Prunier's best choices from here, there, and all the best places. Snails, sea-urchins (by air from France every day). Tout ce qui vient de la mer. The newest game done in the oldest and most sacred ways. Perdrix aux choux. Rable de lièvre au purée de marrons.

When she 's not flying around Europe, Madame is huddling with her chef and concocting new ideas. The thing is to go there and ask for something you found in France on your summer holiday—and see if you can stump the great brains. I can't. And you never saw such loving service, such compelling atmospherics.

I haven't spoken about the wines till now because I didn't want to overburden my paragraphs with praise. I 'll simply say—regional, exquisite, not expensive. Verb sap : les eaux de vie des fruits. And you can buy anything on the huge list to take away for 15 per cent. less than prices there.

And the "On Prendre" service for home eating. That 's a thing you flat-dwellers *must* look into. Immediately. Ask Prunier's to give you details, or pinch one of their booklets.

Country Tea Party at the New Clarges

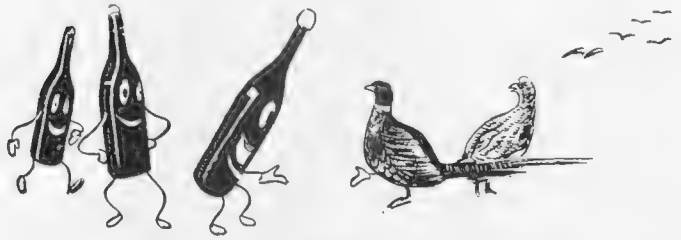
The New Clarges

WHERE do the country gentry and their wives and daughters go when they come up to London ? *French Without Tears*, of course. But they do it from the quiet background of Clarges Street. To them the New Clarges is a home-from-home, and so our hawk-eyed artist has portrayed.

"Damme, Sir, best food in London, best beds, best—er—er—pied-à-terre, if that 's what you say." In consequence, perhaps, they have redecorated their two lounges recently. At such a county recreation as tea, you 'll find them full of charming people, soaking away their Bond Street Blues or arguing about Kay Hammond.

But you, Sir, and you, Madam, Londoners all the time, don't forget that your uncle's Norfolk dogmas contain the essence of the truth. The food at the New Clarges is—well, simply heavenly. Use it for dinner late with your most evocative companion. Lunch quietly in a window-seat. The world goes delightfully past you. Binaco will be—may be already—back from holiday. He is symptomatic of the whole restaurant.

Open Sundays, too. Prices lower than quality could ask and the quality could, really, pay. Very nice.



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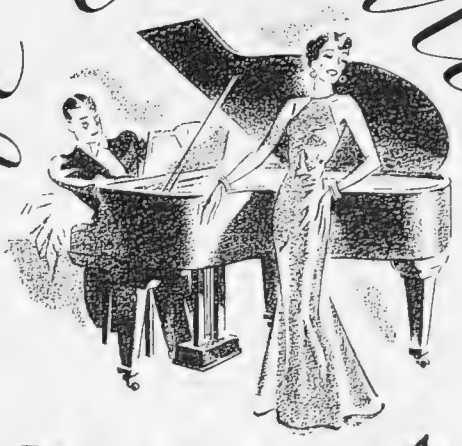
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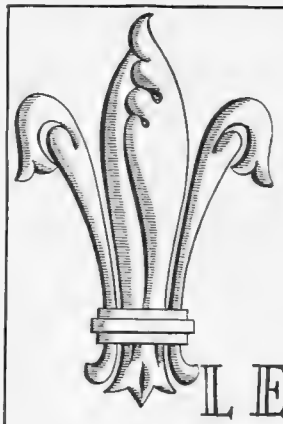

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Drink Good Wine
Dance to a band you will appreciate, amid surroundings you will remember.

Enjoy
CHARLES
and
GRACE HERBERT

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for the Riviera; "Les plus belles femmes (whew!) sont à . . ." Quinto's? Very often. And the greatest men.

Black Foreign Office hats cluster together in the cloakroom. Lord This and Lord That, who ought to be in Geneva or the Quai d'Orsay, have ordered a later 'plane to fit in a farewell lunch or dinner.

The "cold table" on your right; the absence of those remembered silken hangings; the menu, and its supreme French offerings; the wine list and your rapturous longings for two lunches, two dinners running, to put it to the test. You're wondering why you shouldn't, anyway.

Game in season. Burgundy, just so. Faultless service. Theatre dinners and all-evening dinners. Sundays, too. You'll be just another booster, afterwards, of the great, great man, Victor.

Romantic Lunch-to-Music at the Piccadilly

The Piccadilly

It wasn't till the other day, when I was looking for a friend who had agreed to meet me there, that I realised what a huge affair the Piccadilly is. In at the south, turn left, and you come to the cocktail lounge, which must hold a good 150 when full, which it generally is. Through again to the restaurant and/or ballroom, itself of battleship proportions, though considerably better decorated. From the band's right you go through to the grill—another enormous expanse of cheerfully occupied tables. And thence to a brasserie-*cum*-extensive-bar.

In the restaurant you can lunch smartly to soft music for a mere 5/6. Dinner (also musical) need not be changed—but you must dress for dancing and cabaret. A popular and quietly easy-going rendezvous, this, of an evening. The cabaret just now is well worth a visit on its own. But many people just go for the food, which has always been a delight.

The grill: you needn't change. Music at dinner. Dancing afterwards. Cabaret, yes. Prices very easy on the pocket. Clientèle loyal and very pleasant. Maurice Winnick and Gerry Hoey are bandmasters at restaurant and grill respectively. Sundays, yes.

Lunching on the Bandstand at Lansdowne House

Lansdowne Restaurant

Just as soon as those boys on the east side of Berkeley Square have raised their colossus into towers, the Lansdowne is going to find itself with a lunch-time waiting list stretching to Mount Street. But we—and perhaps they—are thankful that those days are a year and more distant—and the Lansdowne is the utterly convenient and charming midday bolt-hole that we like it to be.

Lunch either in the Coronation Room (or the Farm) or the restaurant. The latter is, piecemeal, a bit more expensive (5/6 upwards). Fernandez presides at both. Ask him for the table on the bandstand if it's not already snaffled. Ask him to choose your meal if you're lazy or looking for perfection.

In the evenings the Coronation Room is much in demand for private cocktail gatherings—and what simpler than to go round the partition and dance the evening out in the restaurant? Prices very reasonable indeed. You needn't change for dancing. Sundays, too.

My own preferential list goes: lunch; drinks and rendezvous; dinner; dancing. Try it for lunch. You'll be mighty pleased to have found it, especially if you are a shopper in those smart regions.

L'Écu de France

This marvellous place started off on the right foot six months ago and seems to have its wrong one strapped up firmly for a permanent atrophy. (What a disgusting metaphor!—or is

Trolley Service at L'Écu de France

it a simile ?) If you don't book your table for early dinner and all lunch, you 're just asking to have to wander back into Jermyn Street.

It 's an extension of M. Sender's Paris establishment, as you may know. French is spoken fiercely and practically exclusively. The manager, M. Déponge, despairing of my Gallic inanities, handed me over to Ernest, barman, celebrity of the Côte d'Azur and interpreter. Slick kitchens, with a babble of argots. Three special hors d'œuvre, which gives you some idea. Menu gorgeous with purple jellygraph and palate-tickling names. A lunch chosen for you if you want, with wines and prices. Or à la carte with one of the plats de jour, please. The best is only just good enough for M. Déponge—who was himself a chef at the Paris Écu.

Sundays for dinner. Closing every night between 11 and 12, if custom allows. Go between 7 and 8 of an evening for the best food. Watch the celebrities. Drink wine from wooden jugs. L'Écu needs no recommendation from me.

The Coq d'Or

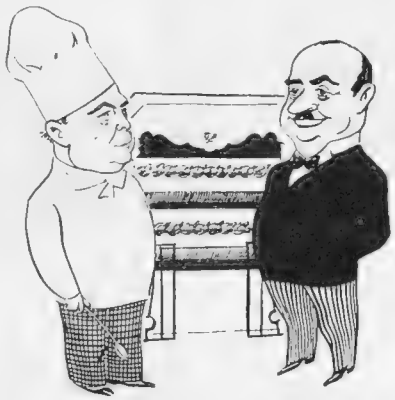
IT 's not been easy for our artist to get both the proprietors of the Coq d'Or into his small sketch, because they are fine advertisements for their own restaurant.

Messrs. Sartori and Berthaud are proud of many things—all with justice. Especially, perhaps, their spit-cooking in the lounge. Here you will see chickens and other delectable viands turning to a turn, sizzling, and filling you with a mad desire to order just that, in double portions.

If the plat du jour isn't exactly to your tooth, those chickens are waiting. Game, too. Oh, everything ! And a wine list as sound as the menu, if less frilly.

I 'm sorry to be so speechless, but I can't say *every* restaurant is the best in London, though I think at least four of them are, privately ! This is one.

Lovely banqueting and party room upstairs. Remember it when you next want to throw anything. Remember, also, the supreme liqueurs that stand in the glass case outside the restaurant. Try, especially, the Eau de Vie of Framboises.



Berthaud and Sartori

Grosvenor House

DID you ever go to a New Year's Eve party at Grosvenor House ? They always spring some great surprise, and if we didn't dream it, Rosie the elephant was once that surprise. Anyway, that may have given the management their fine idea of turning the place into a circus for your evening pleasure.

The transformation goes from a canopied tent effect over the whole room to a pay-box at the door. From Fred Emney, big-voiced darling of a ringmaster (he comes on from the Gaiety to be it), to Sidney Lipton's boys dressed in grey and scarlet. They play their dance music as rhythmically as ever.

Circus turns include an amazing little pony, Baby Doll, that has soft-hearted men and women adoring and even hard-headed

Circus Cabaret at Grosvenor House

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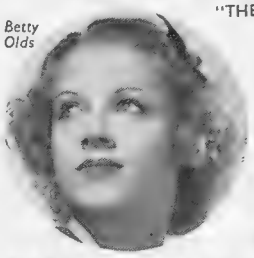
"THEY HAVE COME BACK FROM HOLLYWOOD SUPERB"—DAILY EXPRESS

Betty Olds



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LESSONS AT ANY TIME
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ones admiring its more than human intelligence. Human acrobats and performing dogs on the bill.

And girls, naturally. Georgie Hale's Glamour Girls they are, but most of the time they're lions and tigers and birds of paradise and headless clowns, and in an excellent finale, toreros and other bull-ring decorations. As colourful a show as any real circus, and with food and drink and dancing thrown in.

Moonbeams from the Dorchester "Larger Lunacy"

The Dorchester

I DIDN'T time the new cabaret, "Laughter and Rhythm," but it seemed one of the most sumptuous they've put on. Russell Swann does the compèring, and is a distinct patch on my beloved Naunton Wayne. Which is high praise from me. He juggles, too—and N. W. couldn't do that for old rope.

Robins is in the great clowning tradition. He's not silent, but his chirpings are international and purely repetitive. He wades on with, obviously, fourteen coats, eight superimposed wigs, ten pairs of trousers, and two hundred bananas in his pockets. Then you see you've been fooled—utterly. The real numbers are 20, 15, 18, 430. And chirping all the while. Nice work.

The Wiere Brothers are knockabouts with childish grins and a habit of being extremely funny.

June Taylor dances to beat the band, almost. And the *Chicago Tribune* says the Merriel Abbott Girls are surely the most versatile bunch of girls in America. They certainly dance finely any way up.

Jack Jackson plays, as ever. If I haven't pinched it first, ask for the table opposite the band in the corner. Best clothes, please.

Dancing in the Dark at the Ritz

The Ritz

CAFÉ CHANTANT's on again, glory be. And is now, they say, "a permanency in London's smarter night-life." Except for Cyril Fletcher, the compère (can't *any*body rid us of that pestilent word?), none of the artists you see there has appeared in England before. And Fletcher himself is off to Hollywood pretty soon.

Gypsy Markoff is apparently a real gypsy princess, though, having seen Lionel Stander in *A Star is Born*, I'm on a permanent salt-diet with publicity releases. She's from America—and it's America's loss, because she's a great acquisition to us. Plays her own accordion accompaniment, sings gypsy songs, and looks very good. Dan and Dolly I confess I haven't seen yet, but I hear they're pretty funny.

But the cabaret is by no means the only attraction of the evenings at this great institution. To me it is always pleasantly surprising that dancing and supper there doesn't cost as much as at other places I could name. It's intimate, if I may use a word I've just thought up. Friendly, easy dancing. Smart people relaxing without ostentation. Average age very low. Average appreciation 100 per cent. And the cooking is a dream.

Red Hot and Blue Among the Trianon Roses

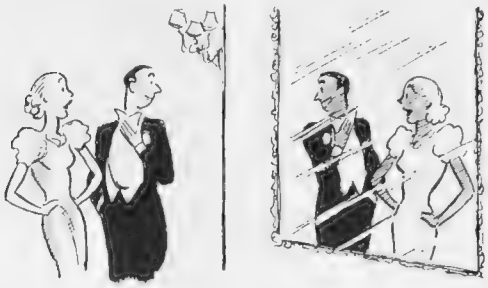
The Trianon

CHARLIE and Grace Herbert have arrived, actually and "as they say." Started last Monday at the Trianon, and will be going from strength to strength for some time to come, I hope. They are Charlie Wright's suggestion — from America. He plays and sings; she sings and swings it, too. Red-hot and blue, says our artist.

That 's not far wrong. There are several punches packed per stanza in songs most of which Chas. H. wrote himself, and wrote very well. One or two serious numbers, and they are as good at those as the others. A charming couple, and there was room for " that " sort of song to be written as well as sung properly.

It 's a lovely little dance-floor, and a good room all told. Masses of flowers. You can sit, sup and watch unchanged up at the top, but mustn't dance.

And Arri is rapidly establishing himself as the most charming maître in London. After a meal there I always promise myself that next time I 'll be firm with him (and myself). Next time I 'm not, and I find he has wheeled a staggering array of hopelessly sumptuous groceries to my table and on to my plate. He 's fine.



Rose-red Flattery at the May Fair

The May Fair

SORRY, I just haven't had the chance to do my stuff about the May Fair. The restaurant only reopens to-day, Wednesday. More next time, perhaps. But I have had a look round, and I 've got some information which I will hand on for your cogitation.

They 've panelled the whole place in a long sycamore wood. Mirrors galore, rose-tinted and highly flattering to autobleptics. They make you look as though you 've just returned from a month in the hot sun. The lighting helps the warm feeling (mental only ; temperature always just right). Three-coloured scheme, which can be regulated to suit moods and seasons. Carpets and curtains, etc., all chosen to tone in with this lighting. The May Fair boys are very cock-a-hoop about it all. I don't blame them.

To-night they start Virgil Rieder with his nine Praxmair Tyroleans, from (I give you three guesses—right !) Kitzbühel. These yodel and entertain in short, sharp bursts at twenty-minute intervals. Otherwise Amelio Columbo swings it seductively. And during supper Columbo gets into Viennese waltzes—for dancing.

The Westminster Ice Rink, Millbank

I SAID I 'd end with this, and I 'm doing so. It 's fitting in more ways than one, anyway. You can't do the rounds of London's food in style without some consideration for your figure, and here 's the place to consider. Just opened again for the winter. You know it ? Large, luxurious, not too cold ever. Sixty-two degrees minimum. Two snack-bars ; and a balcony restaurant and Spanish bar for members. Shop to buy skates if you want to buy. Hiring facilities very facile, though: 2/6 per three-hour session 1/- to watch, 1/- to hire skates. Less for children. Instruction if you want it. You 're sure to need it. You can book that by 'phone. Alec Browne's band plays. Sundays, members only.

Apprehensive Instructor and Confident Pupil

You don't have to be told what a wonderful sport skating is for the figure. They say the same of practically every sport. The difference with skating is that it really does exercise all *those* muscles and plane down all *those* bumps.

Remember it when you next have an evening free. Sessions : 10—1, 2.45—6, 7.45—10.45. R. A. U.

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Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagemen

Lenare

Eleanor Sotheron-Estcourt

Is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. T. E. Sotheron-Estcourt, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Glos., and is engaged to Philip Morris-Keating, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. T. H. P. Morris-Keating and Mrs. R. Osborne, of Crudwell Court, Malmesbury, Wilts.

Catherine Bell

Eve Hall

Is engaged to Mr. C. D. H. Todd, of Madras, India, where her wedding will take place in November; she is the daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Hall, of 59, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3

Lenare

Barbara Leigh-Bennett

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Leigh-Bennett, of 3, Hans Crescent, S.W.1, and is to marry Lieut. the Hon. Peter Carew, R.N., youngest son of the late Lord Carew and Catherine Lady Carew, of 14, Ashburn Place, S.W.7

Vandy

Mary Whiskard

Is the only daughter of Sir Geoff Whiskard, British High Commissio in Australia, and Lady Whiskard, Canberra House, Canberra; she is marry William Sommerville, son of M and the late Mrs. William Sommerv of Dalguise, Alyth Road, Bournemo

Tunbridge

Rosemary Tulloch

Is the daughter of the late A. A. G. Tulloch and Mrs. Tulloch, of 82, Portland Place, W.1; she is engaged to Alexander Henderson, son of the late Capt. W. A. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, of Bryanston Mansions, York Street, W.1

Lenare

Sylvia Evans

Is the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Evans and lives at 41, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7; she is engaged to Peter Graham Hobbs, R.H.A., son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. R. F. A. Hobbs

Lafayette

Dorothy Turner

Is the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. E. Turner, of Holly Tree, Sandhurst, and is engaged to Lt. John Graham Hamilton, R.N., younger son of Colonel and Mrs. E. G. Hamilton, of Heath Lodge, Fleet, Hampshire

Lev

Philippa Clutterbuck

Philippa Mary Gloria Clutterbu daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Maur Clutterbuck, of Windmill Hou Rowington, Warwickshire, is engag to Anthony Charles Cropper, o son of Mr. and Mrs. James Crobp of Ellergreen, Kendal, Westmo

Scott — Stewart

Captain Alexander Scott, Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Major and Mrs. R. A. Scott, of Lasborough, Tetbury, Glos., and Rhona Stewart, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Ian Stewart, of Eyton Hall, Leominster, Hereford, were married at the Priory Church, Leominster

Talbot — Lyle

Reginald G. Talbot, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Talbot, of Barrington Priory, Ilminster, Somerset, and Joan Ronalds Lyle, daughter of the late Col. A. A. Lyle and Mrs. Lyle, of Barrington Court, Ilminster, were married at St. Mary's, Barrington

Allen — Whatman

Antony William Allen, son of the late Major W. Allen and Mrs. Allen, of Evenly Hall, Brackle Northants, and Mary Whatman, daughter Major and Mrs. A. D. Whatman, of Walsha Hall, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, w married at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfi

della Faille — de Marnix

Count Charles della Faille, of Brussels, and Countess de Marnix de St. Aldegonde were married at the Church of San Sebastianello, Rome. She was formerly Phyllis Paterson, daughter of the late Sidney Paterson, of London

Scott — Fielding

William W. B. Scott, of Broad Close, Broadway, Worcs., Master of the North Cotswold, and Pamela Fielding, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Fielding, of Ingfield Manor, Billingshurst, Sussex, were married at Marloe Road Register Office

Westropp — Jorgensen

Major Lionel H. M. Westropp, Devonshire Regt., son of the late Brig.-Gen. H. C. E. Westropp and Mrs. Westropp, of Marlow, Bucks., and Muriel Jorgensen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Jorgensen, of Bushy Ruff House, near Dover, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Cochrane — Standen

James Rupert Cochrane, Royal Artillery, and Hilary Standen were married at St. Mary's, Kippington, Kent. He is the son of Brig.-Gen. J. K. Cochrane, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Standen, of Westways, Sevenoaks

Fardell — McCausland

Lieutenant-Commander G. E. Fardell, R.N., and Elizabeth McCausland were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the elder daughter of D. E. McCausland, K.C.

Western — Petrides

Capt. E. W. D. Western, West Kent Regiment, and Pamela Petrides, daughter of Sir Philip Petrides, Chief Justice of the Gold Coast, and Lady Petrides, of Accra, Gold Coast, were married at St. John's, Smith Square

Monro — Bicket

Edwin Kenneth Monro, son of Major and Mrs. E. G. Monro, of Woodview, Watford, and Jenny Brussel Bicket, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bicket, of Hoylake, Cheshire, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Tod — Gregson

Capt. Alec Tod, R.H.A., son of Col. and Mrs. G. R. Tod, of the Red House, Dorchester, and Joan Alison Gregson, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. H. Gregson, of Whitelackington, Ilminster, Somerset, were married at St. Peter's, Salcombe Regis

Withycombe — Cresswell-Ward

James T. G. Withycombe and Violet Hope Cresswell-Ward were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Withycombe, of Ansell's Farm, Fleet, Hants., and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell-Ward, of Bromham Park, Beds.

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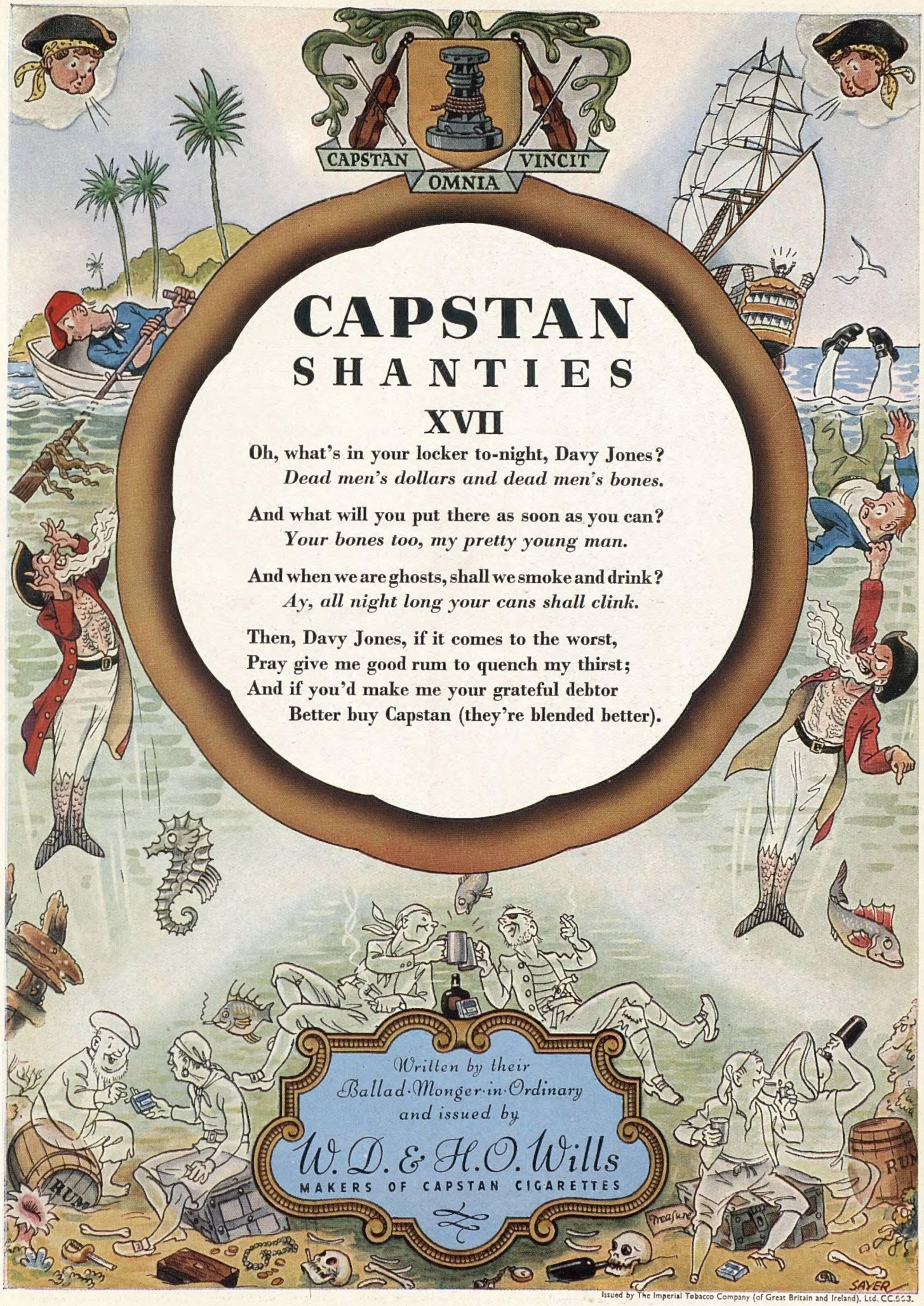

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Post this letter to-night asking for full details, cash and hire purchase terms, of the PREMIER ESSE (as illustrated) for large residences, the ESSE MINOR for smaller households or the ESSE MAJOR for heavy duty, to the ESSE COOKER COMPANY* Bonnybridge, Scotland, or London Showrooms and Demonstration Kitchens, 63 Conduit Street, W.1. Note: All ESSE Cookers can be supplied combined with domestic Water Heater in one complete unit.

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Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65-year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes, permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it to-day, but *insist on the genuine.*

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

HIMROD'S CURE

SO YOU, TOO,

use Dr. Pierre's . . . might have known by the whiteness of your teeth A great dentifrice . . . antiseptic oils of cinnamon, mint, cloves and aniseed, I believe. Puts pastes and powders right in the shade.

Dr. PIERRE'S Liquid DENTIFRICE

A carefully blended combination of aromatic oils. 2/- *to* 8/6, *from all Chemists and West End Stores.*

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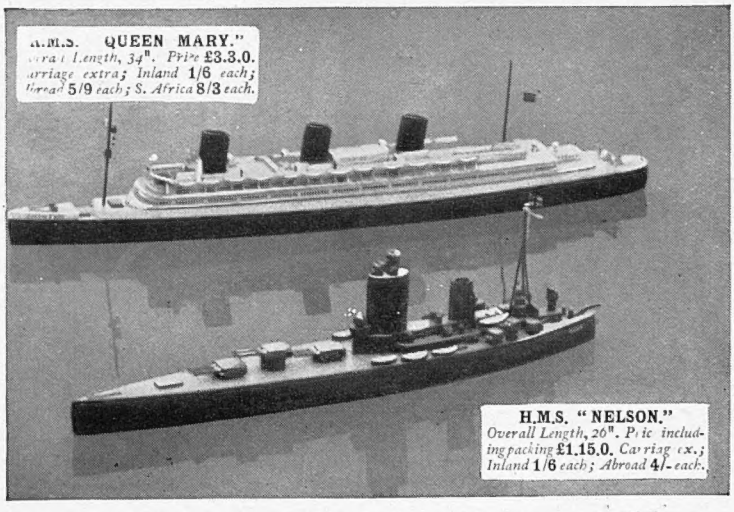

● *Electrically propelled Models and complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours with instructions . . .*

Interest in our Fleet and mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. The models, electrically propelled, are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. Southampton (not illustrated). Length 23½". Price 30/- (Carriage Inland 1/6; Abroad 4/-).

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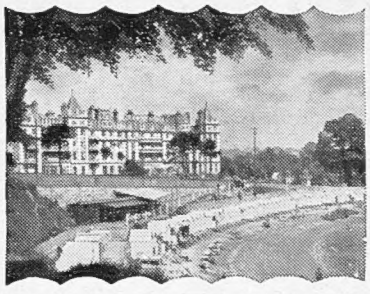
It's GRAND at

THE GRAND TORQUAY



Come now or later to the Grand, for here the season never flags. Every night there is dancing to Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band. Always Squash, Tennis and Golf free to residents. Daily the Cocktail Lounge is the social hub of Torquay. Our Chef is an artist in cooking. Escoffier-trained, he can make sauces to please the gourmet and delicacies to suit the dyspeptic. We have a picked staff, and in Mr. and Mrs. Paul we have joint managers who are ceaseless in their efforts to render personal service.

Most of our rooms face the sea, many have private bathrooms. There are a number of suites, and plentiful lounge accommodation for those who would just rest and relax. On the level and almost on the water's edge, we occupy the GRANDEST position in Torquay.

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GREYS NEVER HAVE BEEN WHAT THEY AREN'T!

As every schoolboy knows, it's all a matter of molecular reorganisation (see picture above). This is in effect a combination of squaring the circle, ringing the changes, and circumnavigating the mulberry bush... The picture? Oh, that's put in to make it harder. What we really want you to remember is that Greys are very good cigarettes.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

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